

Jewish Agriculture *in the* United States

B'nai Brith Magazine

Volume XL, No. 4

JANUARY, 1926



Successful Jewish Farmers *in* U. S.

By Gabriel Davidson

The Dybbuk

By Henry G. Alsberg

My Childhood

By Boris D. Bogen

Confessions *of a* Rabbi's Wife



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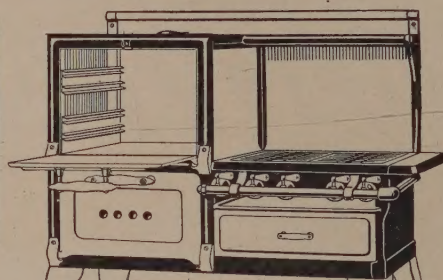
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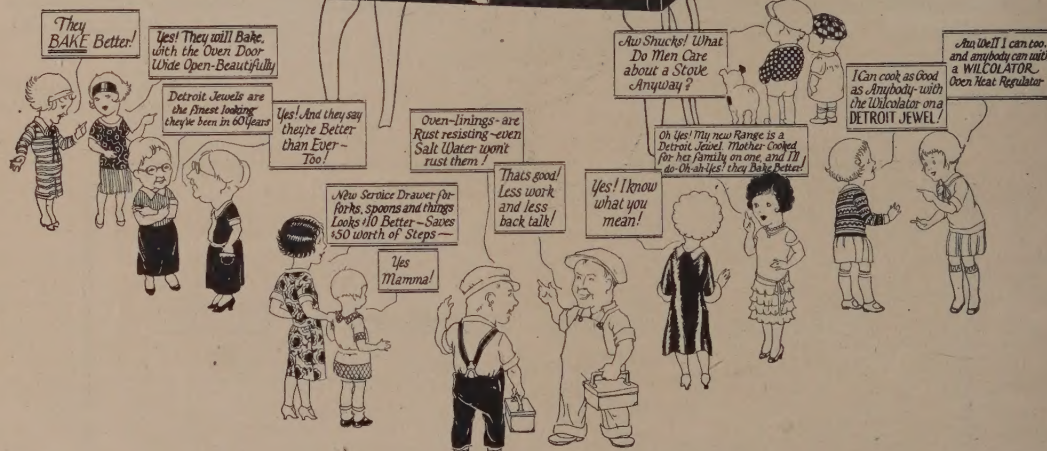
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Contributors' Columns

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bringing about that greater harmony which does not distinguish between race or religion. Our advertisers help bring about this greater harmony by advertising in the magazine. They deserve and we feel certain they will receive your support. *Kindly see that they get it.*

GABRIEL DAVIDSON, born in New York City and educated in the College of New York is a Master of Law from New York University. Since 1907 he has been affiliated with the Jewish Agricultural Society and is at present the General Manager.

Mr. Davidson has always taken an active interest in Jewish communal affairs. He is a Past President of Manhattan-Washington Lodge, I. O. B. B.

Mr. Davidson is a recognized authority on the Jewish Agricultural movement in the United States, a member of the American Country Life Association, a contributor of articles on the subject of agricultural colonization to The American Historical Society, and a writer and lecturer on the American Jewish farm movement.

BERNHARD OSTROLENK is a graduate of the National Farm School of which he is now Director. After his graduation in 1906 he became Foreman of Farms at the New Jersey School, Vineland, N. J. He continued his education as a farmer in the Massachusetts Agricultural College from which he was graduated in 1911 with the degree, B. Sc. In 1911 he became Director of Agriculture in the State High Schools of Minnesota, a position he relinquished five years later

when he was appointed Director of the National Farm School.

A. A. ROBACK, a member of the department of psychology of Harvard University, is already well-known to readers of this magazine. Though a young man, he has contributed vol-

HENRY G. ALSBERG, translator of "The Dybbuk," is a publicist and intrepid correspondent. He ventured into Russia in the darkest days after the Revolution and his writings answered many of the questions that the world was asking about Russia. He was graduated from Columbia College of Law and from 1915 to 1917 was an editorial writer for the New York Evening Post. At one period of his career he was Private Secretary to Ambassador Elkus in Turkey.

THE RABBI'S WIFE who has written the Confessions is the wife of a prominent American rabbi who, for obvious reasons, has requested that her name be withheld. Her narrative is a composite of experiences in a number of American Jewish congregations.

THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE goes to members of the Order for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year. Non-members pay one dollar a year. Although the magazine is the official organ of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, subscription to it is

not compulsory. Members who do not desire to receive their magazine may relieve themselves of further subscription payments by sending a statement to that effect on their stationery to the editorial office.

Contents

THE JEW'S RECORD AS A FARMER.....	105
PROGRESS OF EVENTS.....	106
CROSS-SECTION OF AMERICAN JEWISH LIFE.....	108
SUCCESSFUL JEWISH FARMERS IN U. S., BY GABRIEL DAVIDSON.....	110
THE CONFESSIONS OF A RABBI'S WIFE—ANONYMOUS....	112
THE JEW WITH THE PLOW, BY BERNHARD OSTROLENK.....	114
MY CHILDHOOD, BY BORIS D. BOGEN.....	116
FREUD AS CHASSID OR HUMANIST, BY A. A. ROBACK.....	118
"THE DYBBUK," BY HENRY G. ALSBERG.....	120
HANNAH'S CHILDREN, BY YOSSEF GAER.....	122
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.....	125
NEWS AND VIEWS.....	126
"AND SARAH LAUGHED".....	128

A Jewish Calendar for 5686 will be found on Page 4 of the Supplement.

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THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XL

JANUARY, 1926

NUMBER 4

The Jew's Record as a Farmer

IN devoting this issue to the Jewish farmer in the United States we are not presenting a new phenomenon of Jewish life. The Jewish farmer is neither new nor a phenomenon.

The Jews in Biblical Palestine scorned the trader and contemptuously called him "Cannanite."

And in later times Rabbi Eliezer wrote: "God particularly promised fertility of the land to the Israelites in order that they might lead a contented and quiet domestic life, and not be required to travel about from town to town."

After the dispersal the Jew is seen to be engaged in agriculture in whatever land was sympathetic with his hunger for the soil. In the early Middle Ages the Jews were the chief agriculturists in Spain; in Greece of the twelfth century Jews were the most prosperous of farmers; in Italy Pope Gregory V encouraged ownership of land by Jews who specialized in the cultivation of the mulberry tree for the production of silk.

In Germany, Austria, and Switzerland the Jew was often the owner of vineyards and the producer of wines.

* * * * *

IN the Americas farming by Jews was inaugurated under philanthropic auspices. The colonizing project which settled 30 Jewish families on land in Canada, 220 miles from Winnipeg in 1884, failed by reason of discouraging conditions, not the least of which was the lack of marketing facilities, the nearest railroad being 20 to 25 miles distant.

Later colonizations in Canada have been successful unto this day.

* * * * *

But by far the largest colonization enterprise was that financed by Baron de Hirsch through whose beneficence millions of acres of land were purchased in Argentina to make a home for Russian Jewish refugees in the year 1891.

In that year 2850 colonists settled

on the land. And after them came plagues and locusts and drought; and when, at length, by hard labor they had made the soil yield its fruits, they saw that the railroads and the markets were distant from the farms; so 800 of the faint-hearted deserted.

But the 2,000 who remained were courageous spirits who bent their backs with renewed zeal to the difficult task. But even of them many, at length, weakened, so that after a period of years the colonies were inhabited by a strong breed, for all the weaker ones had left; now there remained men and women who had stood the test of discouragement and hardship and had been found not wanting.

Since then the population of the Argentine colonies has been slowly increasing and the increase has been accelerated by the closing of the doors of the United States to immigration.

Of the Argentine Jewish colonies, Moiseville is the most successful. On the farms surrounding this community are produced wheat, flax, rye and vegetables. A butter and cheese factory has been established there and Jewish communal life flourishes in a synagogue and schools.

Nor do the settlers limit their activities to tilling the soil for they engage extensively also in cattle-breeding.

* * * * *

SO when we see the Chalutz plowing the soil of Palestine we know that he is no new manifestation but the successor of a line of forefathers who dug the same soil and who regarded with contempt the trader.

And when we are asked to help finance the colonization of Jews in Palestine or the colonization of Jews in Southern Russia we know that Jewish colonization is not an untried experiment.

But it may be said, "In these colonization projects the Jew is the beneficiary of special aid. While his lot has not always been easy, it has never-

theless been less difficult than that of the unsubsidized farmer. Can you show that the Jew has been successful as a farmer when dependent upon himself alone? Is there any Jewish farmer who is as prosperous as he might have been had he engaged in business?"

THE question is answered in the article "The Jew as a Successful Farmer" in this issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. It is an exposition of the Jewish farmer in America—independent, prosperous, a farmer who is also an intelligent business man, combining the historic Jewish attachment to the soil with the business acumen that has been developed in the diaspora.

It is demonstrated that Jewish farmers have been notably successful in an industry that is notable, generally, for returns that are unequal to the labor expended.

The Jewish boy in the farm school, as related in the article "The Jew With The Plow" in this issue, is seen to be an individual who is not a mere brother to the ox but a person with a poetic appreciation of farm-life.

* * * * *

THIS issue of this magazine is devoted to the Jewish farmer because the vast Palestinian and Russian farm movements call for answers to the questions:

"Is the Jew by nature fitted for farming?"

"What is his record as a farmer?"

"Has he made good?"

"Can the Jew endure the discouragements and hardships of farm-life?"

"Has he the stamina to see it thru?"

A partial answer can be given thru the examples of the success of Jewish farmers in America. A fuller answer may not be had until, let us say, 1935, when it will be possible to evaluate the Jew as a farmer under pioneering conditions, as in Russia or as in Palestine.

Progress of Events

A Parable—Jew in Politics—Seven Years After the War Manny Strauss—Are You a Jew?—Syria and Palestine

THREE springs ran parallel to each other toward the ocean. Nearby was a great river that had its source in many springs that united to make the river.

One day the river said to the three springs: "Why do you not unite and make a river? The three of you move in the same direction toward the ocean, but you move separately. Separately, you accomplish nothing for the good of the land. Together as one river you would make a stream on which ships of commerce could sail; your water would flood the shores and enrich the soil; your power could run great engines."

But none of the three springs would surrender its prestige as an individual spring, for they said, "If we become one stream, we will cease to have individual importance."

* * *

ISRAEL has been much like the three springs. But in recent times there has become manifest the wisdom that says: "Why do we stand apart from one another to do our good works? Do not all our works aim toward the same end? Let us join our sympathies so that our works may be made more fruitful. Through such union we shall not lose our individual importance, but, on the contrary, we shall gain in individual importance from the helpfulness that we give and receive."

It is in this spirit that B'nai B'rith, looking beyond the works of its own hands, has determined to extend the hand of fellowship to all responsible Jewish movements so that it may be of assistance in the consideration of their problems, and to request the fellowship of Jews outside of B'nai B'rith in such B'nai B'rith movements that are of general concern to Jewry.

Jewry must be a deep and wide stream of life and service, not a collection of springs running in the same direction.

The new determinations of B'nai B'rith, made at the meeting of the Executive Committee, are reported in the Supplement of this issue.

MR. GERARD who was our ambassador to Germany before the war urges that the Democrats nominate a Jew or a Catholic for President in 1928 in order to bring intolerance to a show-down.

Mr. Gerard talks through his hat. To propose a man for office because he is a Jew or a Catholic is as poor business as to oppose him for office because he is a Catholic or a Jew.

In a certain city a Jew was candidate for Mayor.

"Since Mr. X is one of your people, you will, of course, vote for him," said a friend to a Jewish citizen.

"On the contrary, I will not vote for him," answered the Jew. "I will not vote for him because I do not think he will make a good mayor. If I permitted Mr. X's religion to influence my judgment, I would say that I will not vote for him because as a poor mayor he would not reflect great credit on my people who are always blamed for the sins of their individuals."

This is a most becoming attitude.

* * *

WE quote from a Jewish publication:

"In the course of his sermon, the Rev. Dr. Abelson emphasized the necessity of the members doing their utmost to roll away the reproach of empty benches. It was particularly desirable that the children should be initiated into the practice of coming to synagog regularly. The preacher said he intended instituting a Children's Service, which, he said, would be the best way of instilling into the rising generation a little more regard for, and a little more knowledge of all that the Jewish people had held sacred during the long annals of their sublime and incomparable history."

This might have been said in any Jewish community in any city in America, but this particular complaint concerns the Jewish community in the city of Leeds, England, and is reported in the Jewish Guardian of London.

Everywhere the cry of Jewry is the same: How may we unite the children to our faith? How may we fill the pews?

The children drift from the service of the faith because there is no example of Jewishness before their eyes among their parents. The call of the synagog should be to the parents rather than to the children.

* * *

THE JEW says: "I must worship in my own little group." And so in every city of the land there are many small, struggling congregations which could function better for Jewry if united into several large, strong organizations.

He says: "When I die I must sleep with my own chevre." And so the landscapes on the outskirts of the large cities are dotted with Jewish cemeteries, each congregation having a burial place of its own.

Alive or dead, the Jew has been the individualist often against his own best interests. So an announcement that in the city of Lorain, O., two Jewish congregations have united for the good of the Jewish community, has the refreshing thrill of an almost unheard of event.

* * *

OF MORE than passing note is the erection of a statue of a living man in the city hall of an American city as a tribute of the people.

And the one who was thus honored is a Jew—Nathan Barnert of Paterson, N. J., ex-mayor and philanthropist.

A rabbi, a priest and a Protestant minister took part in the ceremonies of the unveiling.

America took Mr. Barnert in sixty-nine years ago when he came an immigrant from Posen, and in return he gave America a fullness of service, so that a city reverts him and immortalizes him in bronze even before he has passed from the scene.

NOTES on religious persecutions seven years after the war that was fought to make the world safe for human rights:

In Poland the authorities are persecuting the Yiddish school system. In Wolhynia alone, fifteen schools have been closed down. In all Poland 32 schools with 117 classes have been closed by the authorities.

The police of Leipzig have arrested two men whom they accuse of being parties to a conspiracy to bomb the synagog of the Jewish community.

Two Hungarians, sentenced to death a year ago for throwing bombs into a Jewish dance hall in Budapest and killing nine persons, now have been acquitted by the Court of Appeals. Their guilt was clearly proven in the lower court. It is charged that their acquittal was due to political influence traceable to the advisors of Horthy, the dictator.

The Jewish Telegraphic Agency reports: "The Jews in Bulgaria are living in perpetual fear. Large numbers of them have left the country and many are preparing to emigrate permanently."

* * *

A MEMBER of the Hungarian parliament drops dead immediately after delivering a heated anti-Jewish speech. Pathetic little man. He died from heart exhaustion incident to an attack on a people who have survived ages of oppression and have outlived all the generations of their persecutors.

Foolish little man who gave his life fighting the eternal.

* * *

THE other evening there came to our house a woman to collect funds for Keren Hayesod. It had been a cold day and all afternoon and evening she had gone about visiting the houses of Jews.

"We are doing wonderfully well in this neighborhood," she said.

We answered her: "The great wonder is that it is being done at all; that after 2,000 years of tragic history our people still cherish an ancient ideal; that though living here in peace and plenty we are concerned with the well-being of distant people whom we call brothers; that though scattered over the earth we feel bound to each other by obligations of kinship."

The woman went out into the bitterness of the night. There were other Jews yet to be visited.

TEN years ago Manny Strauss came to New York from the west, almost a stranger. Mr. Strauss was not like those who come to a city only to get of it what they can. Mr. Strauss came into New York carrying before him an ideal: A man is not entitled to get more than he gives.

He gave a full measure of service to the city of his adoption in accordance with his ideal. Having genius for organization and leadership, he gave it without stint to philanthropic endeavors, Jewish and non-sactarian, to war drives, to better business movements, to the cause of a national budget.

And now, ten years later, the leading citizens of New York have met in the Hotel Astor to celebrate his arrival there, and the cards of invitation read:

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* * *

WE read an appeal that asks, "Are you a Jew?"

Once a man, upon being asked this question, answered: "I am a Jew. I do not go often to the synagog, but I feel myself to be a link in a chain of a great history by which I am united to a majestic past and joined to all others who share with me this heritage."

One is a Jew in proportion as he is conscious of his historic significance. He who possesses this consciousness marches with the prophets and the martyrs of Israel. He walks with a high head as the heir of spiritual kings, the brother of all who partake with him of this proud inheritance.

He is a Jew.

* * *

THE false friends of the Bible continue to make it an instrument for the fostering of dissensions among the people. Defeated in one state, they in-

vade another with bills to put the Bible in the schools.

At present they are in the state of Washington, stirring the fires of strife as they go about to exalt the Bible to an official place in the laws of the state.

They want the Bible put into the law-books; what the Bible needs most is to be put into their hearts as a guide for their conduct toward their fellow-men.

* * *

"WE DON'T encourage Jews in our community," said the Babbitt in the comedy.

"Ah," exclaimed the Jew, "maybe that's what's the matter with your town."

In one way or another we are reminded of the Jew's answer by a report in the New York Sun, contrasting conditions in Syria with those in Palestine.

"Palestine in contrast to her neighbor, Syria, is prosperous," says the Sun's correspondent. "Revenue for the last fiscal year shows a surplus over expenditure of \$1,250,000 and the accumulated balance is twice that figure."

"Not only in commerce has there been an improvement, but literature, journalism and the drama are showing a marked revival. Agriculture is the mainstay of the country, though the colony of Tel Aviv is apparently destined to become an important industrial center. Wealth has poured into the country from the outside, Jews alone having spent in Palestine about \$35,000,000 since the war."

* * *

TWO Jews, distinguished products of what once was called the American melting pot, recently have passed away—Sol Rosenbloom of Pittsburg and William Topkis of Wilmington, Del.

Both came to America from the Russian Pale. Both made the best of the opportunities the new land offered them, building honorable business careers. Both, as citizens, contributed to the well-being of the communities in which they lived.

Both, as Jews, helped mightily to carry the burden of the afflicted of their people. Good Americans, good Jews, but had they come here a generation later they would have found the doors of America barred to them.

A Cross-Section of American Jewish News of the Month

Religion and Education

A National Temple—



CONGRESSMAN SOL BLOOM of New York wants erected in Washington a national Jewish Reform temple, similar in purpose to the various national houses of worship erected by Christian denominations. He would have all of American Jewry contribute to the rearing of the temple.

TO ESTABLISH a museum of Jewish ceremonial objects in every Temple in the land is a movement launched by the National Committee of Temple Sisterhoods. The Sisterhoods also have pledged themselves to send objects worthy of exhibition to the Museum of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati.

A NATIONAL campaign is under way to raise \$500,000 in behalf of the Jerusalem Synagog Center Fund with which to establish a spiritual, cultural and social center in Palestine.

A RESOLUTION calling for the organization of a national commission on welfare work among Jewish students at universities was adopted at a meeting of national Jewish organizations interested in work among Jewish students in American universities.

The conference was held at Temple Emanu-El, and there were present representatives of eleven national Jewish organizations. The proposed national commission will develop a plan of activity that will co-ordinate the work of existing agencies now engaged in religious and social work among Jewish students, and will aim to eliminate duplication of effort along these lines.

The resolution is, in part, as follows:

"RESOLVED, That this sub-committee recommend to the General Conference the creation of a permanent National Commission on Jewish Work at Colleges, the same to be composed of representatives of all Jewish organizations interested in this work, the purpose of the Board being to carry on this work at the Universities

among Jewish students, and that the details dealing with method, et cetera, be worked out later.

"It shall be the function of such a National Commission—

(1) To ascertain the needs of Jewish students, and opportunities for Jewish work in American universities.

(2) To inaugurate, conduct, or correlate Jewish activities at the various universities according to existing needs.

(3) It shall be the function of this National Conference to see to it that in all such activities as it may institute or conduct, all the interests of the various groups of Jewish students shall be carefully safeguarded and their needs met insofar as it is in the power of the Commission so to do."

At the conclusion of the meeting a resolution was adopted endorsing the work of the Hillel Foundation of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith. The Hillel Foundation has established Jewish Student Houses on the campus of several American universities.

JEWISH mothers in New York have organized for the purpose of fostering Jewish religious education. Only one child in six is receiving any Jewish religious instruction whatsoever, it has been revealed.

ASKYSCRAPER is to take the place of the present Temple Emanu-El at the corner of Fifth Ave. and Forty-third St., New York, the site having been sold for \$7,500,000. A new Temple is to be erected on the site of the Vincent Astor mansion, 65th St. and Fifth Ave., New York.

Social Welfare



SCENE: Community Church, Park Ave. and 34th St., New York.

Dramatis Personae: Dr. William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary, Rabbi Charles Fleischer and Rabbi Alexander Lyons.

Rev. Brown, turning to the rabbis: "I ask the forgiveness of the Jews for the prejudice of Christians toward them throughout the centuries."

Rabbi Lyons: "We are all too much creedalized, theologized, denominational-

ized. I want the Christian to get over looking at the Jews as a possible prospect. I want the Jew to stop his everlasting suspicion of the Christian. Let us live together as fellowmen. Let us go into politics together and lift politics into a great force for common good."

NATHAN JAFFA is Mayor of the city of Santa Fe, New Mexico. He is also a Jew. He was asked by David Brown for his co-operation in the \$15,000,000 United Jewish Campaign, and he answered: "I am the Mayor of this city, President of the Board of Regents of the State University. I have other civic honors to keep me busy and of which I am proud as an American citizen. But all of the duties, time-consuming and not paying, must not and can not interfere with my duties as a Jew. When you ask for my assistance it is yours without stint."

"THE Nordic theory has no foundation in fact since the so-called Nordic traits may be found in all parts of Europe and therefore can not be regarded as purely Nordic," says Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University in the Forum. Commenting on intelligence tests in which recent immigrants have not made high averages, he says that this is due to lack of adjustment to a new environment rather than to a different hereditary endowment.

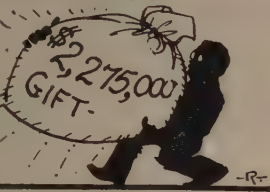
SIXTY thousand is the estimated number of the immigrant refugees who are stranded in all the ports of Europe and in Cuba and in Mexico, because of the exhaustion or further reduction of the quotas allotted to their native lands before they could embark. Relief of the desperate plight of these people is another of the objectives of the \$15,000,000 United Jewish Campaign.

THE Episcopalian, Bishop Manning, and the Catholic, Monsignor Thomas G. Carroll were among those who took part in the hundredth anniversary celebration of B'nai Jeshurun congregation in New York.

"I hate the word tolerance for its implication of inequality," said the Bishop.

Philanthropy

Always
generous
to
good
causes—



JULIUS ROSENWALD contributed \$1,275,000 to the United Jewish Campaign in Chicago. Other large givers were S. T. J. Straus, Simon Straus and Max Adler, \$50,000 each; Maurice L. Rothschild and Max Epstein, \$40,000 each.

A ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR endowment fund is proposed for Palestine by Isidore Morrison, New York Zionist, the said fund to produce \$5,000,000 a year for the colonization and rebuilding of Palestine. He suggests that 1,000 wealthy Jews of America give \$100,000 each for this purpose, and that, in addition, their less wealthy brethren be called on to make annual contributions totalling \$2,500,000, so that in all there would be available \$7,500,000 a year for the upbuilding of Palestine.

A MILLION DOLLARS a day was raised in the \$4,000,000 drive of the New York Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS for the furtherance of Jewish education is to be raised in Cleveland in 1926, with the support of the four leading Jewish congregations.

THE JEWISH CONSUMPTIVE Relief Society of Denver, Col., has just celebrated the completion of a one-mile road within the Sanatorium grounds and the dedication of an addition to the nurses' home.

PLANS have been completed for a series of State conferences on behalf of the \$15,000,000 United Jewish Campaign, covering January. During this month, National Chairman Brown is scheduled to participate in the following:

New Jersey State Conference at Newark, January 10.

Connecticut State Conference at New Haven, January 17.

Virginia State Conference, January 24 (City to be announced later).

Michigan State Conference, Detroit, January 31.

For February, two conferences are already scheduled, both of which will be attended by Mr. Brown. They are:

Texas State Conference, Dallas, February 7.

Nebraska State Conference, Omaha, February 12.

Other conferences are being arranged in Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas.

THE JEWS of Philadelphia are to raise \$3,500,000 in ten days commencing January 17.

THEODORE T. ELLIS, publisher, a Christian, gave \$6,000 to help remove a \$12,000 mortgage from the Hebrew Free School in Worcester, Mass.

Immigration

OPEN
THE
GATES—



IN A STATEMENT which Bernard G. Richards, Executive Secretary of the American Jewish Congress, issued to every member of the Executive Committee of that body, he called attention to the necessity for every citizen who desires to bring about a change of those features of the present Immigration Law which have been responsible for the needless separation of families, to register his support for a Bill introduced in Congress by Hon. Nathan D. Perlman of New York, designed to remedy the present deplorable situation.

Congressman Perlman's Bill, known as Legislative Bill H. R. 5, proposes an amendment to the Immigration Law permitting the wife, husband, unmarried children and parents of a citizen of the United States, as well as the wife, husband and unmarried children under twenty-one years of age of permanent residents who have declared their intention of becoming citizens, to enter the United States as non-quota immigrants.

The Arts



JEWISH students in a world organization will take part in an international conference of students under the auspices of the League of Nations.

JO DAVIDSON, American Jewish sculptor, has been commissioned to design the Walt Whitman memorial and has taken as his motif Whitman's "Song of the Open Road."

THE CULTURAL development of Palestine moves apace. The latest cultural institution is the Palestine Conservatory of Music for which a national organization has been launched in America. Sponsors are Leopold Godowsky, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Leopold Auer, Joseph Achron, Jascha Heifetz, George M. Purver, Mrs. Mary Fels, Benjamin Winter, Samuel C. Lamport, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jaffe, Rabbi Alexander Lyons and Alexander Lambert.

DR. DAVID E. WEGLEIN has been appointed Superintendent of public instruction in the city of Baltimore.

WILLIAM SHRODER was elected President of the School Board of the city of Cincinnati.

Politics



THE ENEMIES of the Klan continue to be its best advertisers.

In the legislature of British Columbia they proposed a resolution barring the Klan from the country. They were defeated by a vote of 24 to 20.

Thus the Klan is brought into the light whenever it is about to perish in the darkness of oblivion.

In New York State, the Klan is enjoying a brief spell of public notice by attacking the law which seeks to unmask the yokels who belong to it.

NOVEMBER third, an election was held in San Francisco which resulted in a victory for several Jews. Edmund Godchaux was returned to office as City and County Recorder by a large majority. Sylvain J. Lazarus was re-elected Police Judge without any opposition. A former member of the California Legislature, Milton Marks, who has served as an Assistant City Attorney for several years, was elected a Supervisor by a large vote; and Sylvain Leipsic was appointed an Assistant City Attorney.

These men are all active members of San Francisco B'nai B'rith Lodge No. 21.

ATTORNEY Murray Seasongood has been elected Mayor of Cincinnati, O., under the new Charter government. Murray Seasongood was born in Cincinnati in 1878. He received his training for Harvard in England and was awarded his A. B. degree in 1900. In 1903 he was graduated from the Harvard Law School.

Successful Jewish Farmers in the United States

By Gabriel Davidson

THE hiatus between the Jewish farmer of Biblical times and the Jewish farmer of today is not nearly as wide as is generally supposed. Down through the centuries there has always burned in the breasts of multitudes of Jews the fervent wish to return to their patriarchal calling, to the pastoral life of their ancestors, Abraham Isaac and Jacob. The present Jewish movement farmward is merely the result of the lifting of the oppressive and restrictive laws that made farming for the Jew virtually a proscribed occupation for well nigh two thousand years.

Here in this blessed land, where neither race nor creed forms a barrier between man and man, where the heavens smile down upon all alike, Jews have been farming almost from the very time that white men first set foot upon this fertile soil. It was a Jew, Abraham de Lyon, who brought the wine and silk culture from Portugal to Georgia, and in colonial times, Jews in the south were engaged in the production of indigo, rice, corn, tobacco and cotton.

Today there is no state of the Union that has not its Jewish farmers. Within a single generation, even less, the number has grown to almost 15,000 Jewish farm families. Seventy-five thousand Jews are now deriving their livelihood from the soil. A million of America's fair acres spread over every part of the Union, representing a valuation of approximately \$100,000,000, have been made to respond to the toil and to the genius of Jewish husbandmen.

THERE is no branch of farming that has not its Jewish votaries and no type of agriculture in which Jews have not achieved signal success. A few examples will be illuminating. Petaluma, California, is known as the "egg basket" of the world. Jewish farmers are taking a leading part. Some of the largest poultry ranches are owned by Jews. One of them, a graduate of the California State Agricultural College, is among the most prominent citizens of the community. A fine communal spirit exists, and although the Jewish settlement in Petaluma is of compara-



tively recent origin, a pretentious community house was lately erected.

The Toms River section of New Jersey, which is rapidly becoming the rival of Petaluma, has been developed by Jewish farmers most of whom were settled by the Jewish Agricultural Society. As in Petaluma, so here, advancement in communal life goes hand in hand with material progress. The farmers early organized a religious school and lately erected a community center.

INDIVIDUAL poultrymen everywhere rank high. The sons of a farmer in Eastern Massachusetts built up a poultry plant which produces day-old chicks of the highest grade. One of them took the regular course in agriculture at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and another took a short course in an advanced phase of poultry husbandry on a scholarship awarded by the Jewish Agricultural Society. What is said to be the second largest duck plant on Long Island—a well known duck section—is operated by a Jew. Last year he raised 60,000 ducks. This year he intends to enlarge his output. A former hair goods manufacturer is developing on Long Island what promises to become the

largest pigeon farm in the East—a unique enterprise.

JEWISH farmers have contributed materially to the development of the famous Connecticut River Valley tobacco belt. They are among the largest individual producers, and they raise a product of the highest quality. One of them, a Polish immigrant, is a pioneer in combining cattle fattening with tobacco growing. Last summer he discussed the subject at a gathering held at the State Agricultural College. Members of the faculty were in his audience. This man is being invited to farmers' meetings throughout the East to expound his plans of farm management. So persistent are these importunities that he cannot begin to respond to all of them.

THE Benton Harbor (Michigan) fruit section contains many flourishing Jewish farmers, some of whom have been farming there for twenty years and more, long enough to see their children established on farms of their own.

In the Geneva (Ohio) grape district, Jewish farmers, although in the minority, raise three-fourths of the crop. A Jew is known as the "Grape

King." His kingdom was established thirteen years ago upon a capital of \$210 left over from damages paid him for injuries "His Majesty" sustained in falling off a scaffold. Now the erstwhile painter owns a fifty-acre bearing vineyard and a sixty-five acre newly planted vineyard. A year ago he completed and furnished a new house, a veritable castle, as befits his title. This title, however, may soon be challenged. The largest single grape farm in the entire district was recently acquired by a Jewish merchant from Cleveland. This farm represents an investment of over \$85,000 and is being managed by the owner's son, an agricultural college man.

* * *

JEWISH farmers are in the front rank of the truck growers in the vegetable sections of South Jersey and Long Island.

The son of a South Jersey farmer is the recipient of many prizes for excellence of product. A Jewish farmer on Long Island exhibited such outstanding proficiency that he was selected by the State Agricultural College to carry out on his farm important experiments in vegetable growing. He is the proud recipient of testimonials and trophies awarded him at fairs and exhibitions.

It fills one with admiration to see what a former east side boy has accomplished. Through his own efforts, aided by a wife no less stout hearted than himself, he transformed an overgrown, worthless farm in an out of the way part of the Island into a flourishing farmstead. His was truly a pioneering venture. He had to clear his land, dig a well, build his dwelling house, put up his farm buildings,—all by his own labor—by no means an easy task for a man with a family of small children to support.

IN the field of floriculture, another highly specialized branch, Jews are not without representation. The son of one of the original South Jersey colonists is raising large fields of flowers under irrigation. He has developed the "Spiegel" type of gladiola, regarded by judges as one of the finest varieties. A recent Russian immigrant who started out as a hired man owns and operates two enormous greenhouses in the southern part of Long Island. He specializes in sweet peas and tomatoes. This \$100,000 business, he makes pay because of his skill in production and his efficiency in marketing.

Jews supply their quota of successful dairymen and cattle raisers. A Georgia

man runs a 700 acre ranch stocked with 300 head of cattle.

FINALLY, Jews are represented among the successful grain growers. Near Rochester, New York, for instance, a Jewish farmer owns a 300 acre farm devoted almost entirely to wheat and other grains. A 30,000 acre wheat farm in Kansas, a truly gigantic enterprise, is in the hands of a Jew. Enormous quantities of grain are yearly being harvested from stretches of land which had never before seen the plow. This man's service to the agriculture of his region was fittingly recognized at a celebration arranged in his honor in which high state officials participated. The day of celebration was declared a legal holiday.

BUT not only in the business of farming have Jews succeeded. The agricultural profession included eminent Jewish scientists. Dr. Jacob G. Lipman, the Dean of the New Jersey Agricultural College and Director of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, is an agriculturist of international repute; his brother, Dr. Charles B. Lipman, is the Dean of the Graduate School of Agriculture and professor of soil physics at the California Agricultural College; Dr. Joseph A. Rosen, formerly superintendent of the Woodbine Agricultural School, is now the head of the comprehensive agricultural reconstruction project in South Russia; Dr. J. J. Taubenhaus is plant pathologist at the Texas Agricultural College; J. Levine holds the same position at the Minnesota Experiment Station; Prof. M. E. Jaffa is nutrition expert at the California Agricultural Experiment Station; Dr. Bernhard Ostrolenk is Director of the National Farm School. Jewish scientists are on the staff of many bureaus in the United States Department of Agriculture and

on the State Experiment Stations. All these, and the experts connected with the Jewish Agricultural Society, are men who rank among the foremost of American agriculturists. In the words of the late Secretary Wallace, they are a "national asset."

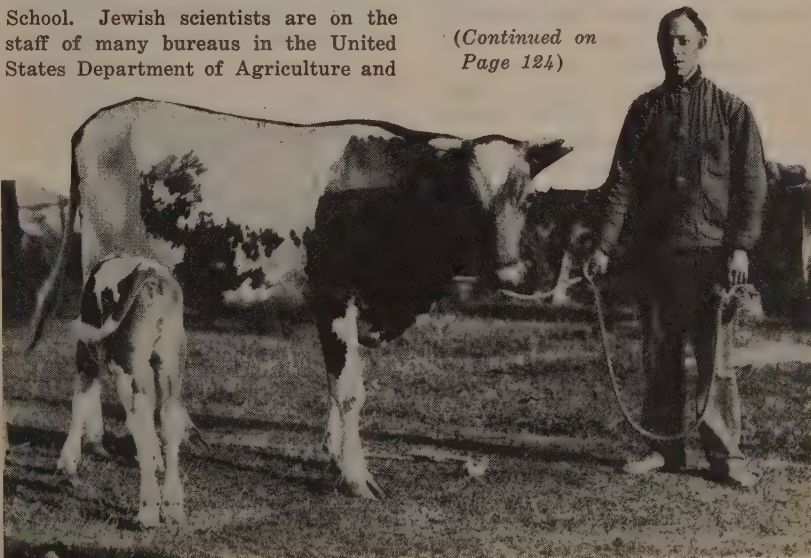
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THAT, despite this record of achievement, there have been failures—dismal failures—cannot be denied. But failure is not peculiar to the Jewish farmer. Not all non-Jewish farmers are models of success. Nor do all city folk, Jewish or non-Jewish, succeed in their chosen vocations.

Be it through the ordination of God or the machination of man, more of us seem doomed to fail than are destined to succeed. The Jewish farmer is no exception to the rule. His failures stand out more prominently simply because, being a new product, closer attention is focused upon him. The writer's conviction is that the percentage of success and failure (highly relative conceptions) is no greater among Jewish farmers than among people in other walks of life.

Judged simply numerically, the Jewish farm population may not seem imposing. The number in itself is not impressive. We still fall far short of our quota. But the number is impressive when we keep in mind that it has been increased seventy fold within barely a single generation, and that, too, during the very period when the drift from farm to city was the strongest in American history. The number, too, is impressive when viewed in the light of the people out of which our agricultural movement has been recruited, a people for two thousand years barred

(Continued on
Page 124)



The Confessions of a Rabbi's Wife

MY little niece, just turned twenty, pretty, laughing-loving, fonder of jazz than philosophy, more at home at a mah-jong game than in her mother's kitchen, has just written to me for advice. Let a few sentences from her letter serve me as text: a text, my Rabbi-husband says, is always a very necessary element in a sermon, whether you stick to it or not.

"Dear Auntie," runs her scrawl, "Ben wants me to marry him just as soon as he graduates. But I'm afraid, maybe, I'll make such a terrible Rabbi's wife. . . ."

So after a thirty years' battle as the unpaid worker for various congregations, the past-president of ever so many Sisterhoods, and, last but not least, the wife of a Rabbi, I am answering her out of my wisdom.

Every woman will make a "terrible Rabbi's wife." Once I heard of a rabbinical lady who had all the cardinal virtues and her late congregation often spoke of her with tears of pure regret; but she had passed on to a better and more restful world. Her sisters who were left to struggle with their various congregations are all unsatisfactory on one count or another; we are like the man with the donkey, who, trying to please everybody, pleased nobody. And we usually count ourselves donkeys in the bargain.

* * *

A PERSON in a semi-public position must expect a fair amount of criticism; but one hates to be damned if she does, and damned if she doesn't. Some will declare her penurious if she does her best to keep within the family budget; just as many will call her extravagant if she economizes at home, and puts on "front" in public.

If she is a shy, retiring soul like myself, she will be put down as stand-offish; if she is a bundle of fun and merriment like my little niece, her most innocent escapades will be termed "fast." And, although all this choice gossip is brought to her smarting ears, she must never repeat any. Mrs. Cohen may slander Mrs. Abrams, and that's the end of it, whether they both land in a libel suit or merely rest content with cutting each other at the Country Club. But if Mrs. Cohen or Mrs. Abrams should hear that the long-suffering Rabbi's wife has criticised their off-spring



They tell you when you need a new hat

or their card-playing, they are very likely to withdraw from all Sisterhood activities, even from the Temple itself, until that particular Rabbi leaves town. Don't you believe me? Go over the annals of your own congregation and see.

* * *

GOSSIP never killed a cat—or a Rabbi's wife—but it never ends with mere tattling. The congregational mentors not only talk about the Rabbi's wife but they insist upon talking to her.

Upon such intimate matters as dress, for example! They tell you when you need a new hat, or that short sleeves are going out, or why do you waste money on private kindergartens when you ought to donate that winter coat you're wearing this minute to the Sisterhood's rummage sale? One of these fiends—I have never forgiven her even

on Yom Kippur since she struck me in my tenderest point—after looking over my too plump figure, bulging from its bargain counter corset, remarked: "It's a pity you don't wear made-to-order corsets like mine. Anyhow, even if you're too fat you've got a sweet face."

* * *

OF course, this is more humorous than tragic, although sometimes this incessant criticism grows to be a positive menace to the Rabbi's domestic happiness. It is hardest, perhaps, on the children. God knows our children are all criticised and badgered beyond all reason, warped and hammered into adult molds of thought and conduct in the home like those unfortunate court dwarfs, who were confined in vases until they were released grown into gross caricatures of human beings.

But the Rabbi's children are subjected to even more spying upon and correction. Sometimes it is harmless enough. I remember the birth of my first born in that first southern congregation of ours; how the congregation swooped down upon me with gifts and flowers and pots of home-made soup—and advice. The congregational tyrant called and left me with a blinding headache; most of my visitors did.

When the next baby came—and at least half of the congregational bosses assured me it was “too soon” and that I was ruining my health—I found refuge in our local hospital and was refused all visitors “by the doctors orders.”

* * *

HARMLESS enough—until the babe begins to sit up and take notice. In the Sabbath School and during Services he is always pointed out as “the Rabbi's child.” It makes him self-conscious, often a little cocky. I know one of my off-spring had a habit of telling his Sabbath School teacher that his father owned the Temple and he'd walk on the benches as much as he wanted to! His slightest fits of naughtiness are magnified into examples of shocking perversion; he is constantly told that as the “Rabbi's son” he must learn to behave himself and be a model for the other children.

Nor is home a refuge for the Rabbi's children! There are more visitors than in the usual household and few women have the moral courage to deny guests the doubtful pleasure of inspecting and pestering the children of the family. So they hear their manners, their supposed-good looks, their life ambitions (“Don't you want to be a Rabbi like your father?”) discussed before their faces until they must take refuge in sullen shyness, or become unbearably forward by acting up to the officious guests.

I mention this in passing because it shows rather painfully how the Rabbi's wife loses that dearest of all domestic liberties, the right to bring up her own children according to her own poor judgment. As for her own personal liberties. . . and now it grows harder to write calmly.

* * *

TAKE the matter of Temple attendance. I know for my own self that before my marriage I was a regular attendant at our local Temple, seldom missing a Friday evening service. Religion was a necessary factor in my life and I had learned to love the prayers

and the music as a fitting expression of all that I termed “spiritual.” But as soon as I became the chattel of a congregation, things were different. I was “expected” to attend every service. Mrs. Cohen may stay home because she is too tired from her feats at the Mah Jong table that afternoon; Mrs. Abram may have company for Friday night dinner and be too polite to urge them to accompany her; but the Rabbi's wife may have rushed from a Sisterhood board meeting to welcome an itinerant charity worker to her own humble board, before she dashes up from the table to put the children to bed, to powder her nose, brush the collar of the Rabbi's



The Country Club set declares her “stuck-up”

Shabbas coat and trudge meekly after him to their evening job. But, harder than all the external difficulties is the compulsion, the thought that if you are absent for no matter how legitimate an excuse, there will be raising of congregational eye-brows, caustic comments from congregational lips.

And once I loved to attend services. . . . A keen bit that in Hardy of the wilful girl who often sang hymn tunes about her weekly work, but refused to share the family's hymnal exercise every Lord's Day—because it was expected of her.

* * *

YOU get irreligious so quickly in the ministry! At least I did.

It is this dreadful loss of one's personal liberty that a woman in my position feels so keenly. You want to take your choice of being religious or a skeptic, a home-body or a social butterfly. But they won't let you alone.

Take the very dear privilege of choosing your own friends. We all like to choose our own friends. People usually gravitate to their own kind; it is a wise provision of society—except in the case of the rabbi and his family. I know one Rabbi's wife, a quiet, studious woman, fond of books, hating cards and gossip. In every congregation she has gone she has been welcomed by a small group of kindred spirits, the professional people, the students, who admire her fine mind, her keen wit. Unfortunately she bores those whose only gods are jazz and cards; she knows it and manages to refuse as many purely social invitations as possible. With the result that she is cordially hated by the Country Club set who declare her “stuck-up” and magnify her most innocent social blunders into deadly insults.

* * *

FOR so many, many things are expected of the Rabbi's wife! They are very honest about it. One group of gentlemen seeking my husband's services for the next year were frank enough to ask him whether I was a good congregational worker. Their Sisterhood was on the rocks; they needed a really efficient teacher in their Sabbath School; and, hopefully, could I sing in the choir? Once they had a rabbi whose wife had directed the choir; it saved them quite a good deal in the course of a year and the congregation were so proud of her! Making no effort, you see, to conceal the fact that they hoped to secure two efficient employees for the salary of one.

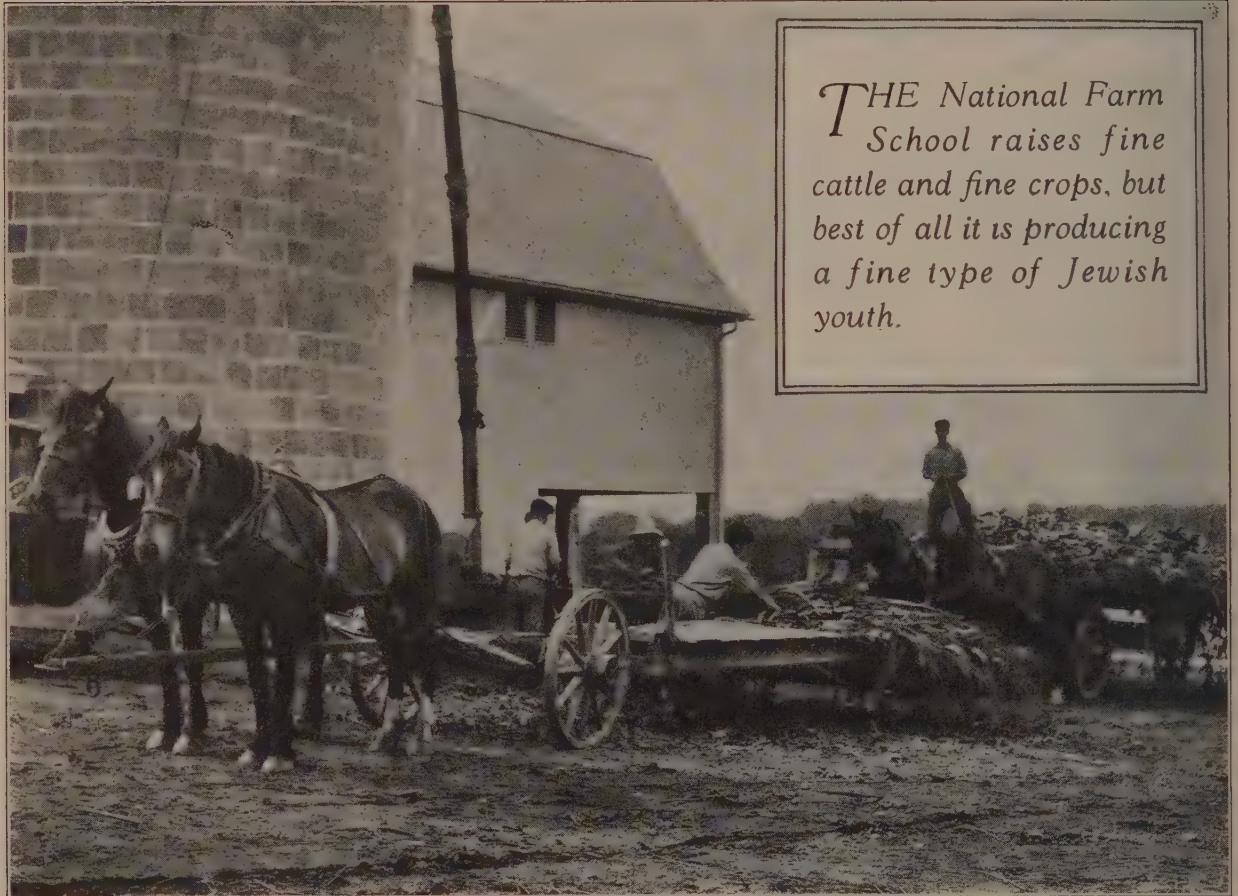
A pious hope that was thwarted by a canny friend of mine. It was during the war when prices of everything but her husband's services seemed to soar heaven-high. She pinched and economized as much as she could; then, taking advantage of the high salaries paid even to women in those manless days, secured an excellent position for herself. The Temple board were horrified; it “looked bad for the goyim to have their Rabbi's wife working; besides they needed her in the congregation.”

Said my friend calmly: “Gentlemen, my weekly salary comes in very handy just now. And I don't have to work any harder for it than I worked for your congregation for nothing. If it's against precedent to pay the Rabbi's wife a salary, I am sure my husband could be persuaded to accept a salary large enough for both of us. Say, a raise. . . .” The Rabbi got it!

(Continued on Page 129)

The Jew With the Plow

By Bernhard Ostrolenk



THE National Farm School raises fine cattle and fine crops, but best of all it is producing a fine type of Jewish youth.

“**L**EAD the tens of thousands of people of your cities to your idle fertile lands, and you will bless not only them but your country and spread a good name for your people throughout other lands, for all the world honors and protects the bread producer and is eager to welcome him. Begin with the young, and the old will follow.” Thus spoke Tolstoy.”

* * *

IN these words Dr. J. Krauskopf described the essence of his talk with Leo Tolstoy in 1894. Two years later the National Farm School was founded near Philadelphia to teach city boys, and four years later the first class of eight students was graduated from a student body of twenty-two. The growth of the school from that day to this bears testimony to the soundness of the idea. The success of its graduates stamps the farmer-philosopher who said “and you will bless them” as a prophet.

PHYSICALLY speaking the school today is making arrangements to teach over three hundred students during the coming year. It has developed a laboratory of over 1000 acres equipped with high type breeding cattle, and horses, modern farm implements, superior dairy facilities, greenhouses, nurseries, market gardens, orchards of peaches, apples, pears—fields of gooseberries, huckleberries, currants, grapes, strawberries, an apiary, and a poultry department completely equipped with incubators, brooders, growing and laying houses. Housing and teaching facilities for the students, while crowded, are excellent.

* * *

SPIRITUALLY a tradition and spirit typifying what is best in rural life has developed within the school. Students came slowly at first, but they came. The pioneer students faced real hardships. Not only the hardships that

every young man would ordinarily face who makes an abrupt change from the city to the farm, but they had to struggle with inadequate facilities caused by lack of funds. Dr. Krauskopf had to struggle for funds. Merchants and teachers were often not paid promptly. However, their love for the land, their joy in their work and their faith in the success of their undertaking, caused them to overlook, if they noticed at all, the rather hard bed, the frugal meals, the inadequate equipment.

* * *

THEY did start traditions of work, study and behavior, a tradition of love and kindness to animals, of seasonal importance of certain field work, of pride in achievements, and a courtesy and fellowship to one another. The student body grew. More and more candidates began to ask for admission. The school grew, slowly at first but with leaps and bounds in the last few

years. In 1920 the student body was still only 84. In 1925 it was 144 and preparations to house 320 students are being made for 1926. The type of student has remained the same, an outdoor-loving, healthy, poetic type—the kind that is not cognizant of the hardships alleged to accompany outdoor work but which revels in the joy of work in the fields and with the stock. The spirit of the pioneer students has descended to present classes.

* * *

WENGER was to graduate on February 22, 1922. For three years he had looked forward to the event. His sisters, other relatives and friends had been invited for the occasion. He was one of the meritorious students and honors were to be conferred upon him publicly at the exercises. The method of teaching, a project system, places each boy in responsible managing positions of his project, sometimes a farm, portions of a farm, orchards, dairy or poultry. Wenger managed a farm project about three-quarters of a mile from the central group of buildings.

* * *

ON the morning of the day of graduation he found one of his cows sick. He refused to leave the animal in charge of what he considered less competent students who were about to undertake his project for the coming year, but himself stayed with the animal until it was relieved, missing his meals and the graduation exercises. The incident is extraordinary only in so far as it received some publicity connected with the incident. In any other way it typifies faithfully that spirit of the school which places importance on the care and kindness to animals.

* * *

IN a recent survey of the graduates of The National Farm School conducted by Mr. Victor Victor at the behest of a group of gentlemen of New York city who were interested in the vocational efficiency of The National Farm School, the following summary appears. "For myself, I have been unable to avoid the conclusion that the past vocational efficiency record of The National Farm School would loom as distinctly favorable, even if it were assumed that the School, throughout its history had been as well equipped, experienced, and effective as it is today. When the truth about the largely experimental past, instead of this assumption, is taken into consideration, the record appears to me altogether remarkable.

"Briefly summarized, inquiry shows: (a) that, of all graduates of The Na-



tional Farm School of known occupational status, 70 per cent are in agriculture; of graduates of the last ten years, 77.3 per cent; of graduates of the last five years 84.4 per cent; and of graduates of the last two years 100 per cent; (b) this record is decidedly better than the indicated vocational training in agriculture; and compares favorably with the higher vocational efficiency of our leading agricultural colleges when certain fundamental differences between these colleges and the Farm School are considered; and (c) that the vocational efficiency of The National Farm School is much higher than has been expected of the institution by most educational authorities."

* * *

HOWEVER, it is difficult to reduce the life and product of our school to these tables and figures. There is a throb and thrill at the school, an inspiration and achievement of our graduates that does not lend itself to be described by an inductive inquiry.

When one of our graduates, Walter Morris, 1922, for the present working in the city, writes: "This spring I plowed for a farmer for nothing, just to get the feel of fresh, clean soil," we surely have not altogether lost this product of our school.

Mitchell Brauman, at present on a poultry farm in Toms River, New Jersey, adds: "The time is nigh when I shall conduct my own farm," and thus expresses the hope that many express.

A typical farm owner career is given by Samuel Miller, 1919: "We worked in several farms in different parts of the country. In the fall of 1921 I bought this farm. I just got married last February to a wonderful girl."

A typical college career is described by Max Kesselman, 1917. "Worked as a florist and then entered Ohio State College, graduated in 1921, specializing in agricultural engineering. Went to Palestine in 1921, sent by the American Paoli Zion. In charge of machinery depot and technical department, building cow barns, milk rooms, creameries, bottling plants, poultry houses and other farm structures."

Samuel G. Fine, 1920, gives the following pregnant outline of his career: "1920—farm hand; 1921—farm renter; 1922—farm hand; 1923—sheet metal worker and plasterer, 1925—farm owner."

* * *

ARTHUR LEVINLOW, 1916, after describing his medicinal florist plant, gives his aspiration: "There
(Continued on Page 130)

My Childhood

By Boris D. Bogen

Being a fragment of the story of a busy life that began in the Old Russia and had its sequel in the New

I
MY first appearance was a feat in itself. Father was a contractor handling Government construction work; having spent the requisite five years of business in the Pale and having paid in the enormous fees for membership in the first guild, he was entitled to live in Moscow, coveted privilege for a Jew. So I was born in Moscow. It was in the early seventies.

Marfa, my nurse, all-powerful, was the center about which existence revolved; throughout the winter she guarded and cared for us within that highwalled room and when Spring came, she took the baby and me out in the walled garden.

CAME the time when Marfa led me outside the nursery door and carefully shut it upon me. On tiptoe to peek through the keyhole, I watched her bow and kneel before that picture above her bed; her lips moved and her fingers weaved the sign of a cross upon her. When she had finished and had, for a moment, left the nursery, I too knelt before that picture, eager to imitate those mysterious passes and mutterings. Marfa hobbled swiftly into the room, trembling, furious and frightened. She pulled me to my feet, shook me and slapped me and scolded me roundly, as I look back upon it, rather vaguely. For the rest of the day she left me strictly to myself, unrelenting as I watched her piteously and tried to puzzle out why I should be punished for doing what she herself did.

Then that four year old dimly came to understand that he was different

that she was a Christian and he was a Jew. And he learned to leave the room quietly, without protest albeit sadly, so that he might not witness her devotions.

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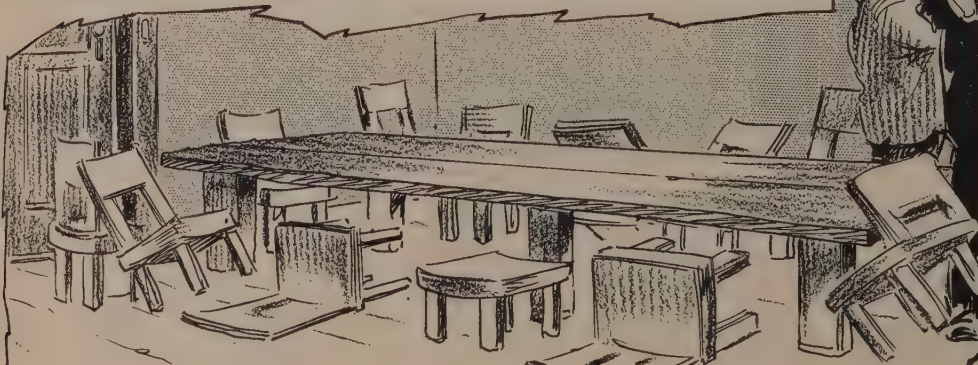
THE savor of adventure surrounded my first visit to the synagogue; I could hardly keep up with my father's measured stride, so many were the strange sights by the way. We had journeyed quite a distance from our home street and had come to a place of narrow alleys, where stiff little curtains fluttered in the windows of broken down old houses and brightly dressed women with red faces lolled in the doorways. So we came to the synagogue, a fat, drab little building in the midst of this gaudiness, and within it many men with striped "talesim."

Father stopped to chat with this man and that, after the services were over, and I stood by, all ears. For the plaintive Yiddish intonation was strange to me, accustomed only to Russian speech, and the ease with which father dropped into this unknown tongue shared the aura of mystic adventure that hovered over the day.

"Here is your teacher," said father. The man was stooped and shabby, with a tired face, but he smiled kindly upon me and I accepted him wholly.

* * *

THE next morning I again trotted down those far streets, past the queer old houses and the leering women on the doorsteps. With a kopek to spend for sweets and the consciousness, of being admitted into the world of men, it was a great day for me.



School was in session in the low-ceiled dingy home of my teacher. About twenty boys sat at a long table, their bodies rocking backwards and forwards as they intoned loudly from their books, their voices rising and falling with the cadences of the cantor in the synagogue. The teacher gave me a seat next to him and when the recitation had come to an end, proceeded to instruct me in my first lesson.

For the first time I saw poverty . . . the threadbare dress of the women, the anxious doling out of wood for the fire in the brick stove, the bare, peeling walls in that room. Sometimes I played with my teacher's children in the courtyard, and I remember wondering why they dressed so poorly when their father had so many pupils; it was some years later that I knew of the large bribes that the teacher had to give in order that his school might exist without the interference from the police.

* * *

AND it was about the same time that I learned the explanation of those bright-curtained windows and beckoning women and the music and laughter and screams that came from those old houses. For this was the heart of the vice district, the one place where the Jewish schools, forbidden by law in cities outside of the Pale, could flourish with least danger from officialdom.

Even here, however, the Law came. It must have been shortly after that memorable first day in Cheder.

Half-doing in my place beside the teacher, I am almost knocked backwards by the sudden movement with which he springs from his place in answer to a low call from the hall.

"He comes," hisses some one. The teacher turns to us with a single whispered command. The boys hide their books in a closet; the benches are piled behind a cupboard; the table is pulled against the wall. The children run towards the door; a footfall sounds outside of it. Too late!

"Quick. The window." An older boy pushes the window open and we clamber through, the teacher lifting us smaller ones to the sill and watching to see that we reach the ground safely. Trembling, I beg the boy beside me to tell me who is the ogre that pursues us. He laughs. Foolish child that I am, that I do not understand why we must disappear when the police official comes to the school, why we must hide our books and benches so that the teacher can pretend there is no school there.

At a signal from the window we file out into the yard and back to the classroom by way of the door. I look at my



"Give a kopeck for the innocent victims"

teacher. Only a little trembling of his bony hand shows that anything unusual has occurred. The boys put up the benches and retrieve their books, the teacher takes his seat, the recitation continues. But I do not go back to my day-dreams. I sit and stare at the teacher and think of him, of father, of us all, doing something which the police, must not know, of all of us sneaking and hiding and lying, lest they find us out. But it must be right, after all, if father and the teacher make us do it. So I puzzle and wonder and then, somehow, find a new zest in those dull lessons that are forbidden by the Law.

One night as I was leaving the home of my teacher, I stopped, transfixed by a sound of blows and curses. A police officer clattered down the steps of a house, half-leading, half-dragging one of those blowzy women who so often smiled upon even us children as we passed. I felt a swift pang of pity; they also were afraid of the Law. Outcasts, all of us, we Jews and those women of the curtained shacks. I crept home miserably.

* * *

SATURDAY was the blessed day of freedom. Then I would take my toys into the street and begin my endless attempts to win my way into the games of the neighbor children. But I was a Jew and they were Russians. Most of them did not attend school yet. Those who did had no need to tremble at a footstep in the hall or a whispered

warning; father had pointed out one of those schools to me; a beautiful building it was, with a neat garden surrounding it and a playground in front. Little wonder that they knew how to play strange fascinating games that warmed my

heart as I looked on and longed to join in. I would try to bribe my way among them with a gift of candy or an invitation to play with my toys. As I carried a mechanical toy out-of-doors I could hear father's comments upon my deep interest in it.

"He will be an engineer," declared father. But to me that little mass of wheel and wire represented just another possibility of buying the companionship of the Russian children who persisted so pointedly in ignoring me.

* * *

IN due time upon the insistence of father I entered gymnasium (secondary school). His desire that I obtain a gymnasium education was founded upon no great appreciation of secular studies; to attend the classes simply to secure secular education would have seemed a sheer waste of time. But the privileges of a university student, the right to live outside of the Pale, and the reduction of compulsory military service from six terrible years as a private to six months as a student officer were prizes worth paying for.

Soon I learned that here too my hopes for equality were to be shattered. One morning I was so fool-

(Continued on Page 151)

Freud, Chassid or Humanist

By A. A. Roback

THE distinctive feature of Freud's writings is not, as with several other psychologists, their logical development. Forceful utterances, compelling statements are beyond his reach. Yet he rivets your attention and fascinates by his suggestive ideas and stimulating illustrations. Freud's attitude is that of the dreamer who is struck by an idea which subsequently develops into a grand vision. Should Israel Zangwill ever choose to expand his *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, the portrayal of Freud cannot but find a place in it. Serene and contemplative, yet bursting with ardor, Freud may be pictured as continually drifting about in search of a haven.

I am not sure that Freud was reared in a Chassidic atmosphere or that much of the Chassidic lore so prevalent in Austrian Jewry permeated his psychological system. But we are entirely on safe ground in regarding Freud as the *Chassid* in the history of modern psychology, *chassid* in its etymological sense (from *Chessed*—kindness or mercy). Not only is he affiliated to *Chassidism* by virtue of his humanitarian interests, but the very catholicity of his views, as well as the mystic halo surrounding his doctrines, gives his outlook on life a peculiar coloring which brings it into line with *Chassidism* in its philosophical and historical aspects. Hence it is too that Freud has succeeded in creating disciples instead of merely training pupils, as most of the other psychologists have done.

Personal vs. Mechanical Methods

UP TO the advent of Freud, the treatment of psychopathic and hysterical patients was being carried on by more or less mechanical means, in the sense that the *rapport* between physician and patient was not an intimate one. The great Charcot looked upon the abnormal with a certain measure of contempt if not disgust. Even Bernheim, the Jew, who was probably Coue's source of inspiration at Nancy, exercised his dominating authority over the patient when he would fulminate his hypnotic suggestions like a Jupiter of old. Then came Freud with his artistic insight and changed the scene. The patient was no longer to be handled, commanded or ordered;

he was to be *understood* first of all. A bond of confidence was to be established between physician and the sufferer so as to pave the way for a transference which must precede the cure. In a word, the impersonal attitude gave way to the personal.



Dr. Sigmund Freud.

Reminds Us of Cabbalists

IN many respects, Freud's method especially in its exaggerated phase, is strongly reminiscent of the *symbolism* which underlies the Cabbalistic philosophy. The stress laid on the male and

female elements, the juggling with numbers, the exploitation of all sorts of symbols to suit a particular conjecture and many other such indications have their counterpart in psycho-analysis.

Let us take one instance, which I am quoting in part from my article "*Freudian Psychology and Jewish Commentators of the Bible*" to show how Freud and one of the most remarkable Jewish commentators meet on the same ground. A pivotal point in Freud's system is that of determinism.

"In the language of Freud, 'It is impossible to think of a number or even of a name of one's own free will. If one investigates this seeming voluntary formation, let us say, of a number of many digits, in unrestrained mirth, it always proves to be so strictly determined that the determination seems impossible.' Let it not be thought that Freud is merely reminding us of the laws of association in psychology. As a matter of fact, he is going far beyond them, for if you are asked to utter a number at random, and you respond with say 37826, Freud would hold that there is a hidden motive, hidden even from yourself, which determined you to give that number instead of any other.

"Determinism seems to be the theoretical basis of the commentaries on the Bible along symbolic and mystic lines. It has long been a puzzle to me upon what ground there has come to be established a four-fold interpretation of the Scriptures known as the Pa R De S (Pshat, Remez, Drush, Sod) including the literal, the symbolic, the rhetorical, and the mystic meanings. It seems as if the literal, or perhaps better the factual, were sufficient; but the assumption on the part of these commentators is that if it were for the factual meaning alone, the arrangement of the words in the text might have been changed, or different words might have been used to convey the same meaning, or there might have been some deviations in the grammatical form (*e. g.*, the substitution of the singular for the plural).

"In other words, a certain significance is attached to the relative position of the letter in a word, or to a word in the verse. Thus the final letters of the first three words in the Bible re-arranged constitute the word

Emeth (truth) which gives rise to the inference that the world was created through the medium of truth. But it may be asked of the Ba'al ha-Turim: how else could the thought have been stated without committing us to such an inference? The reply would then probably be to the effect that some other words might have been employed instead of *Bereshith*, such as *Barish-onah*, (as Rashi suggests) or possibly some other Divine Name might have been the initial word instead of *Bereshith*; and since these alternatives were not resorted to, we are to conclude that there was a definite purpose in employing the words, the forms, and the order actually employed, disclosing to what extent truth figured in the creation of the world. The fact that the Bible is begun with a *Beth* and not an *Aleph*, the first letter of the alphabet, elicits from the fertile-minded Rabbi Jacob ben Asher a set of new disclosures; while the thousands upon thousands of arithmetical equations (gematria), anagrams, acrostics and expansions (notarikon) that he and others of his school were able to eke out of the Scriptures and manipulate to suit their exegetical purposes, reveal them, particularly Rabbi Jacob, as geniuses in apperception and calculation of a certain type.

"FREUD and his collaborators do not employ such an elaborate system of mathematical symbolism as the Cabalists who have developed scores of codes that have nothing to warrant their use outside of analogy, and very thin analogy at that. In fact, Freudians do not cling to any fixed set of rules in their number-games, but the possibilities their manipulations display, surpass anything the Jewish mystic commentators could have offered.

It must be said that Freud himself did not err so much in that respect as some of his disciples, fellow-Jews largely, who may have had this excessive number-delving ingrained in them from their very youth. *We have no right to assume that Jewish commentators and interpreters in general are more susceptible to this foible than are Gentiles, but the fact that the former have laid such undue emphasis on this mode of interpretation is certainly significant from the point of view of race psychology.*

It must be taken for granted, for technical reasons, that my readers are acquainted with the principles of *Gematria*, *Notarikon* and the various manipulations of the alphabet such as *At-Bash*, *Ik-Bkhar*, etc.

"THE equational inferences of the *Ba'al ha-Turim*, e. g., the one in which the word "*L'Nekhdi*" which means "to my progeny" is translated more specifically into בני בן (my grandson), because the numerical value of לנכדי (114) is the same as of the two words בני בן, or the supposed allusion to Haman in the words מוהמאמה (I will obliterate) deduced on the same ground, viz., the equal numerical values attaching to the letters of the words זה המן (107), and "Mokhoh Emkeh"—these interpretations will strike the scientific mind as inferences built upon a pretty tenuous basis. If one, however, takes the trouble to follow up the investigations by some of the psycho-analysts in the *Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse*, founded by Freud, it would have to be admitted that the manipulation of the numbers by the Jewish commentators is common sense as compared with the extravagant conjectures of professional men who are so blinded by their hasty conclusions that they cannot feel the palpable absurdity of their speculations."

References to Jews in Freud's Works.

THAT Freud does not suffer from a racial inferiority complex* is evident from the fact that he is not overcautious in mentioning or implying his Jewish affiliations. In his "Interpretation of Dreams" he in a matter of fact way explains a dream of his on the basis of his unconscious wish to receive advancement by the University of Vienna, which, however, he knew from the experiences of his Jewish colleagues who were older and equally meritorious, was not to be fulfilled. In his "Psycho-Pathology of Everyday Life," he has occasion to allude to several Jewish customs, and in one place he tells of the association of "hammer" as being due to the fact that he was reproaching himself for being a "Chámer", the Yiddish form of the Hebrew equivalent for "ass." His acquaintance with Jewish jokes is well manifested in "Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious," where he ventures the opinion that there is scarcely to be found a people which makes merry so unrestrainedly over its own shortcomings as the Jews.

FREUD, then, if I may indulge in a bit of pleasantry, does not belong exclusively to the class of Jewish "descent" celebrities. He is of Jewish "ascent" as well; and this identification with a people whose lot he claims to have shared has not been without its

effect on the course of psycho-analysis. To be sure, Freud's universal fame has not suffered, but in many quarters his teachings have been sneered at as savoring of Jewish sensuality.

Delicate Intimations of Race Hostility

THE reader with a fine critical sense will not fail to pick out certain passages in Freud's *On the History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement* for deep reflection, and if he happens to be a Jew, he will undoubtedly read between the lines and discover in this human document, depicting the rise of a movement amidst personal struggles and factional conflicts, a trace of his people's tragedy. Perhaps the High Priest of Psycho-analysis was too exacting in his relations with his disciples, perhaps he was too sensitive in his attitude toward his opponents, but the fact remains that he discerned something in the criticism directed against him which touched him to the quick.

WHEN Janet his former teacher, attempts "to explain psycho-analysis as a product of the peculiar character of Vienna as a city," Freud discloses his lurking suspicion which, expressed in a veiled manner only serves to enhance the dramatic force of the utterance. . . . "This theory about psycho-analysis" writes Freud, "always seems to me quite exceptionally stupid, so stupid in fact that I have sometimes been inclined to suppose that the reproach of being a citizen of Vienna is only a euphemistic substitute for another reproach which no one would care to put forward openly." Since this was written before the World War, it is not necessary to add a commentary on Freud's words.

Another glimpse of what was taking place behind the scenes may be gained from Freud's account of how the presidency of the Psycho-analytic movement was made over to Jung who, as is known, later established his own school of psycho-analysis quite independently of the principles laid down by the orthodox group. ". . . In favor of Jung were his exceptional talents, the contributions he had already made to psycho-analysis, his independent position and the impression of energy and assurance which his personality conveyed. In addition to this, he seemed ready to enter into a friendly

(Continued on Page 129)

* See my article "Have the Jews an Inferiority Complex?" *B'nai B'rith Magazine*, Sept. 1925.

"The Dybbuk"

By Henry G. Alsberg

"THE Dybbuk" is in more than one respect a remarkable play. Some one has said that it is a Jewish miracle play. At the same time it can be said to be a miracle among Jewish plays. To the unsophisticated reader, Ansky's four-act mystery would seem to be designed by its technical machinery and inner spirit for distinctly Jewish audiences only, and at that, for Jew-

ish audiences with a background of Polish and Russian Yiddish culture to help them understand and lose themselves in the ecstatic mysticism of chassidic folk-lore. But the actual fact is that "The Dybbuk" seems to have a wonderful affinity to the foreign spirit, to the Gentile as well as the Jewish soul. So while the play has proven perhaps the most popular on the Yid-

dish stage, at the same time, it bids fair to take its place in the contemporary drama of Europe and America.

THE history of the play, in this connection is interesting, and its growth and development strangely enough seem to have been in a direction opposite to that of its author. Ansky lived through the typical career of a Jewish "intelligent" of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He travelled the road from internationalism in politics and assimilation in cultural tendencies, to nationalism both in politics and culture. It is not necessary here to trace his progress from the Russian revolutionary point of view to that of a Jewish nationalist. But this road he traveled, as has many another Russian Jewish author, and ended by writing a play like "The Dybbuk," which attempts to give the quintessence of the Jewish-chassidic ghetto, to fix forever the intense reality of religious life and beliefs of the Jewish masses just at the moment when the inroads of modern civilization were driving this life and these beliefs out of existence. In Ansky had grown up a great yearning to show the ghetto as it existed up to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, from its best, its spiritual side. The filth, the poverty, the meanness, the petty commercial grind, all these he brushes aside. These things the Jews had to pass through and suffer as a part of the "Golus."

BUT the kernel of their existence lay in their religious life, their belief in the absolute reality of everything written in the Bible and the Talmud, and even their belief in the derived superstitions, in the great wonder-rabbis, such as Balshem and his followers, who could do "miracles, conjure up the great 'Antagonist' with a spell, create Golems, and even revive the dead." The charm of all this and its sweetness and sacredness, Ansky wished to transmit to future generations before they should be wiped out by onmoving Marxism and the "materialist interpretation of history." He could not have hoped to revive this old culture, indeed; but could and did, evidently, hope to revive Jewish pride in the past and the sources from which

"The Dybbuk"



Drix Duryea

As Presented in
Moscow, Russia.





Vardi.

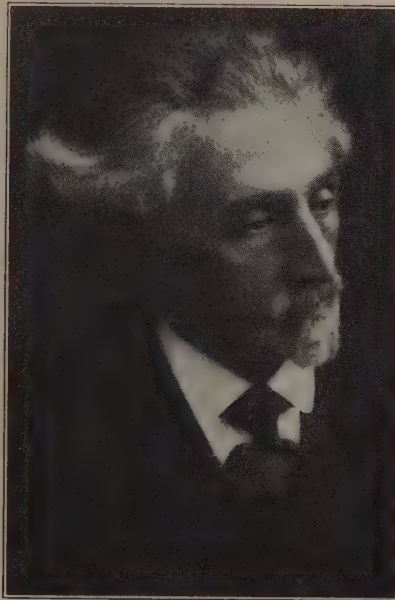
the race was growing away. And in reviving this pride, he, no doubt, hoped also to revive the feeling of pride in Jewish racial and cultural peculiarities, a pride which would tend to preserve the race from assimilation.

NOW the play, on the other hand, has had a development rather in the other direction. It started in Ansky's mind as a distinctly Jewish play, and he wrote the first draft of it in Yiddish, without thought of any more general career for it than the Yiddish stage. Then, it seems, he showed what he had done to the directors of the Moscow Art Theater, and they apparently were much taken with the idea of the play, and wished to give it in Russian for their Russian audiences. He thereupon re-wrote the play, in Russian, and added to it the character of the Messenger, who represents the *motif* of fate and doom always in the background, a distinctly un-Jewish idea, done in a distinctly un-Jewish mood, at the suggestion of Stanislavsky. It matters not that at present the part of the Messenger is perhaps the most effective in the play. The fact remains that he represents an alien, a rather gentile conception, almost of Greek drama, which gives the play an entirely different coloring from what it at first had.

HAVING thus somewhat modified his piece away from its original direction, Ansky found himself in a predicament. The war came and the Moscow Art Theatre was unable to produce his play. Thereupon he turned back again to his original plan, rewrote the play in Yiddish, keeping, however, all the new features. As a matter of fact, he himself never lived to see the play produced. His death occurred a short time before its premiere. But since then it has been put on with increasing frequency by Yiddish theatrical companies, and has shown an ever growing popularity among Yiddish theatre-goers. But meanwhile a strange development has taken place. The original attraction which the play had for the gentile soul, as in the case of Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theatre, again began to exercise its

power and draw "The Dybbuk" toward the larger outside public.

IN Moscow, the Habbima, a Hebrew theatre established and maintained by the enthusiasm and devotion of a small number of young Jewish actors and amateurs, and supported by some of the most discerning of the Soviet officials, like Lunacharsky and Kamenev, now took up "The Dybbuk" and decided to produce it. Bialyk, the famous Jewish poet, made a very beautiful adaptation in Hebrew. One cannot call it a translation, as he injected a tremendous amount of his own feeling and imagery into the text. The Habbima then actually produced the play, and



Ansky.

with the greatest success. "The Dybbuk" was still running till quite recently to full houses in Moscow, after four years, and is being taken on tour to western Europe. Now, be it noted, that probably not a thousand people in Moscow understand Hebrew well enough to enjoy "Hadybbuk" as it is called in the Hebrew tongue. Moreover there are not enough Jews in Moscow interested in this sort of entertainment to have kept the piece running longer than a few months. In other words, the play has been supported for about four years by an audience which did not understand the language in which it was given, and was, itself, in great part, Russian, and not Jewish. In other words, this Yiddish drama has exercised a most tremendous pull on thousands of gentiles, who could not

understand even the language of the dialogue, but, through the excellence of the pantomime and stage-direction and setting, could easily catch the mood of the drama. Many have insisted the success of the play was due, not to its affinity to gentile culture and feelings, but to its wonderful presentation, which was praised beyond measure even by such an exacting critic as Gorky.

BUT here we have a curious circumstance in connection with the Habbima production. The whole performance was directed not by a Jew, but by a gentile, an Armenian, who knew nothing about Jewish or Yiddish culture and had to be instructed concerning the details of Jewish life and manners and psychology by the actors themselves. If the play had not had some great sympathetic attraction for him, would it be possible to imagine that a man like the Armenian Vatanjev, however great his talents, could have made a production as successful as that of the Habbima?

"THE Dybbuk" seems to be growing away from Jewish toward gentile audiences. In what consists this odd attraction for the foreign mind? Here is a problem not entirely easy of solution. The play might be classified as a mystic-religious melodrama. A young synagogue student, Channon, has fallen in love with Leah, the daughter of the richest Jew in the town of Brainitz, and seeks by engaging in practice of the mystic and forbidden spells and incantations of Kabbalah to prevent the father from betrothing the girl to anyone else. When finally, after he thinks he has already gained the victory, he unexpectedly hears the news that his "predestined bride" has been betrothed to another, he dies. Then comes the day of the wedding, with great festivities. The stage is filled with a host of beggars who are being feasted by the bride's father. Throughout this episode they constitute the grotesque and gruesome choral background for the impending tragedy.

(Continued on Page 133)



Alsberg

Hannah's Children

By Yossef Gaer

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Illustrated by
Emanuel Rosenberg

SYNOPSIS

MOYSHELE, the thirteen-year old son of Hannah, a poor widow of Yanovke, has entered a new school, which differs from the traditional cheder he had heretofore attended. Hannah complains bitterly to her daughter Elka, who is visiting her, that her children are drifting away, and expresses her dissatisfaction at the change Moyshele has made. She fears that the new school does not foster sufficiently the religious feelings of the pupils, encouraging them to drift away from strict adherence to Judaism.

"BUT why doesn't she come?" Gitele raised herself in bed to look at the clock. "It's after eight already."

Just then came a loud knock at the door.

"There she is!" said Hannah. "Jump down, Moyshele, and open the door for her."

"Why can't Gitele do it?"

"I did it last Sabbath; it's your turn today!"

And while the children disputed as to who should leave the bed, Hannah jumped down, threw a shawl about her shoulders, and ran to unbolt the door.

"No—that's because of you!" Gitele exclaimed in a fury.

"Because of me? Because of you, Gitele Tyombe!"

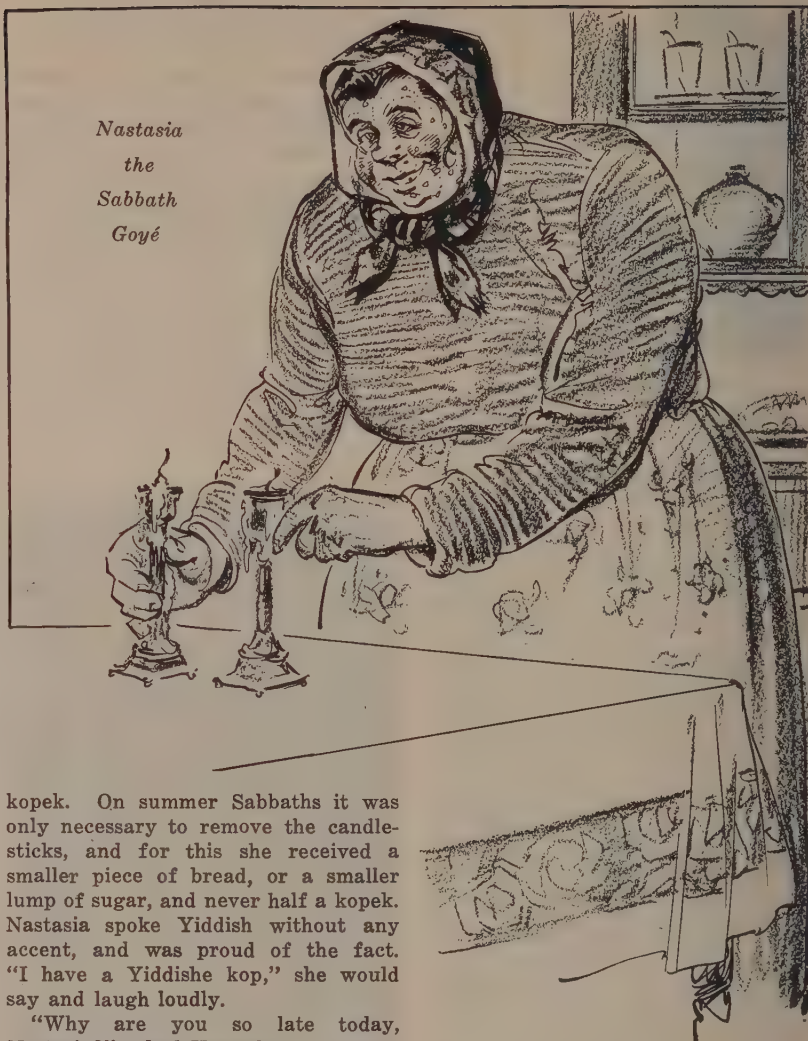
"Wait till I get up; then I'll show you who is a Tyombe, you Moyshe Spider!"

"What? Quarreling already? Is that the way to begin the Sabbath?" Hannah scolded as she returned followed by Nastasia the Sabbath-Goye.

"Good-Sabbath, neighbors!" greeted Nastasia.

Nastasia was a tall broad-shouldered peasant woman, cross-eyed and badly pockmarked. As far back as Hannah's memory could take her, she remembered Nastasia unchanged, and always doing the same work. During the winter Sabbaths Nastasia visited a number of houses to start the fire and remove the candle-sticks from the tables. For this she received a piece of white bread, or a lump of sugar, or half a

Nastasia
the
Sabbath
Goye



kopek. On summer Sabbaths it was only necessary to remove the candle-sticks, and for this she received a smaller piece of bread, or a smaller lump of sugar, and never half a kopek. Nastasia spoke Yiddish without any accent, and was proud of the fact. "I have a Yiddische kop," she would say and laugh loudly.

"Why are you so late today, Nastasia?" asked Hannah.

"Deenah told me about Chaim-Berel's daughter. Deenah—she likes slander! Ha—ha—ha!"

"Well—well—start the fire or we'll freeze."

Nastasia left the room to get some wood.

"Dress yourself, Gitele, and keep an eye on Nastasia," said Hannah.

Soon Nastasia returned with some wood which she threw on the floor in front of the brick-stove.

"How many pieces of wood have you there, Nastasia?"

"Ten, Hannushka, ten."

"But I told you to take nine only. Are you sure you have only ten pieces?"

"So help me God, Dushenka! And maybe there are eleven."

"Eleven! Do you think I'm Graf Pototzky?"

"It's true, wood is dear. But it's very cold, Lyubenka—a frost that cracks! For that, Hannah, I'll put

none of your wood into the stove in the summertime. Ha—ha—ha!"

The fire started, and the candle-sticks removed, Nastasia received a slice of bread and a small square of sugar, and left.

The fire crackled gaily. Pushing aside the sofa, Gitele and Moyshele lined up against the white-washed wall with their hands behind them.

"Foolish children! How do you expect the wall to be warm already? Come, Gitele, and clear the beds. And you, Moyshele, get the kettle."

On the day previous a large kettle was filled with boiling water and placed on the back of the oven in which the Sabbath-bread was baking. It was then carefully covered with rags and pillows, and, on Saturday morning substituted the samovar. True, the contents was often nearer zero than boiling point, but nevertheless it served as a substitute. Tea and a small cookie was the only food before

the Morning Prayers. "One cannot meet his God with a stuffed stomach," Hannah would lecture when Moyshele asked for another cookie.

"Are you going to synagogue?" Hannah asked her son whilst they drank their tea.

"It's so cold, mother!"

"How do others go! None so far froze going to synagogue."

"But I'd rather pray at home."

"Very well. But remember—no skipping! If you skip, you don't get any dinner!"

"I never skip, mother."

"I don't know. Since you go to Yankel's you think—"

The door to the store was thrust open and the letter-carrier threw in a letter.

"A Goy a 'chazir,'" Hannah called after him. "People freeze to death, and he leaves the door open as if it were in the middle of the summer."

"A letter from America!" Moyshele cried as he picked up the letter and examined it.

"Who is it from? Let me see." Hannah adjusted the spectacles on her nose and inspected the handwriting on the envelope.

"It's from Moonye."

"And I say it's from Dovid," Gitele challenged as she stuck her head in between her mother and brother to see the handwriting.

"And if it isn't from Moonye I'll give my head!"

"Sh—children! Who will open the letter for us?"

They looked at each other perplexed. Nastasia had gone, and the letter-carrier had rushed away.

"What a Goy can do! It has no human heart at all. Throws in the letter and runs away! And from America, too! Aiy—aiy—aiy! There are bad people on God's earth."

"Give me the letter, mother," suggested Moyshele. "Maybe I can find someone to open it."

But Hannah noticed a twinkle in his eyes and she closed both hands on the letter.

"What are you—a Sabbath-Goy, or what? You can't profane the Sabbath so easily on my account. Not even if I have to wait until the evening."

"I didn't mean I'd open it. I thought perhaps I could find a Goy."

"Where will you see a Christian now? Nastasia is home already, and the postman is nearly in the marketplace by this time. Where will you find a Goy?"

Hannah scrutinized the writing she could not read, yet knew to be Yit-

zik's. Then she hid the letter in her bosom.

"Begin to pray, Moyshele, begin to pray!" Hannah ordered as she seated herself on the sofa with her back to the wall that was now growing warm.

Walking to and fro in the small room with one hand thrust in his pocket and holding the prayer-book in the other, Moyshele began the prayers. At first he murmured very rapidly, as he had been accustomed of late, but suddenly began to sing slowly and softly. He stole a glimpse at his mother and met her eyes. Swiftly he lowered his eyes to the prayer-book, but in that flash he knew that his mother had read his thoughts.

eyes; the hot water boiler in the bath-house. And none of these things did he love or admire. Why fear God then? And while the awful thoughts came to him he sang loudly "With fear—with fear—with fear—"

"Why do you stop at that word?" Hannah asked. "Why don't you go on with your prayers?"

Moyshele glanced at his mother and again it seemed to him that she knew his thoughts. He lowered his voice to a murmur and turned the pages as fast as he could chant their contents.

"Good Sabbath!" he finally said closing his book.

"Good Sabbath! Come, Gitele, and we will eat."



A Letter from America

"God, Master of All Deeds," he sang over and over again. And deep in his heart rose an anger against the Master of All Deeds. It is said that in case of necessity one may even eat on the Day of Atonement, he thought, then why is one not permitted to tear open a letter on the Sabbath to gladden a mother's heart? Surely the Just God of Israel does not punish for such deeds!

"Happy when leaving, and happy when coming are they who do with fear the will of their God!"

With fear! His attention was fixed by the word. All the things Moyshele feared listed themselves in his mind: dogs; the bull of the herd near the lake; ghosts in the synagogue; Satan with his black cloak and his numerous

Silently they ate their Sabbath Feast of meat-balls, a substitute for the proverbial fish; soup and meat that had been in the oven since the day before and had absorbed the smell of lime and clay; and sweetened lima beans served as dessert—the only meal in the week at which they had dessert.

"I wonder what he writes," Hannah broke the silence.

"Who?"

"Yitzik."

The children made no comment.

"How long since we had a letter from him? Now—let's see—this is the second of Adar—it must be three months."

"More than that," Gitele calculated.

"Perhaps he was sick—his misfortunes upon my head."

"Perhaps yes, and perhaps no. You know, mother, that once half a year passed and Yitzik didn't write. You thought he was, God forbid, dead."

Noo? Nothing! He just didn't write. And what about Sorke? She hasn't written I don't know since when."

"Sorkele has children, my child. When you will have children of your own you will know what a trial they are."

"And may be I will forget to write a few words to my mother? I will not believe it! I will not believe it!"

"So what do you want me to believe—that Sorkele has a heart of stone? Her's is a Golden Heart. But imagine—Eh! Let us not talk of it on the Sabbath."

"Let us say the after-meal benedic-

tions, mother. I have to go over to Yossef Lerner's."

"What have you at Yossef Lerner's?"
"A book. He promised to lend me a book."

"Books and books and books! One hears nothing but books!"

"But what shall I do all afternoon? Maybe you want me to go and skate?"

"Why should I want you to skate? Are you a Goy, or Graf Pototzky's son? But on the Sabbath I would like to see a boy of your age study a page of Gemorah. What are those books you read good for? Nothing. Just like eating sunflower seeds."

"But I promised to come."

Hannah was not going to spoil the peace of the Sabbath by arguing.

"Praise the Blessed Lord!" she began.

"Be the name of the Lord praised

now and forever!" both children answered automatically.

Then mother and son began to murmur the lengthy benedictions, whilst Gitele cleared the table. Moyshele finished long before his mother, and when he prepared to leave he heard her still singing: "I was young and I grew old, and I never saw a pious man neglected by God, and his offspring in need . . ."

"I think I'll run over to Dvorke this afternoon," said Gitele. "The girls will be there."

"But don't stay out late, and don't walk in the snow or you'll catch a cold."

"I'll be home before you light the lamp," Gitele promised as she threw a heavy shawl over her head and shoulders, and departed.

(To be Continued)

Successful Jewish Farmers in the United States

By Gabriel Davidson

(Continued from Page 111)

from the land by restrictive and oppressive laws. The number is impressive if we are mindful of the fact that life on an American farm implies two violent changes on the part of the immigrant Jew—the change from old world to new world conditions and the change from the life of congestion in the city to the life of isolation on the farm. After all, twenty-five years is but a short span to change customs, habits, a manner of life stamped upon a people by almost that number of centuries.

CREDIT is due to the agencies that have so arduously labored for the advancement of the Jewish farm movement. The Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School and the National Farm School have given Jewish boys a thorough, well-grounded agricultural training. The Jewish Agricultural Society has wielded a most potent influence. But it is a mistake to believe that the Jewish farmer is a hot house plant artificially nurtured by philanthropic or quasi-philanthropic endeavor. There are too many.

Yet, it is no mere co-incidence that the era of evolution synchronizes with the period of the Jewish Agricultural Society's activities. Beginning as a small loan association, the Society now labors in a field so large as to touch every phase of farming, every aspect of farm life.

Its Farm Settlement Department advises farm seekers, makes farm appraisals, conducts the negotiations resulting in farm purchases and protects the would-be farmer from the cupidity of the dishonest land shark; in short, it does everything possible to guide the promising aspirant in every stage pertaining to this most important step in the whole enterprise. Its Farm Labor Department affords willing Jewish youths an opportunity to test out their fitness for farming through a period of apprenticeship as hired laborers. Its Loan Department extends a credit which every self-respecting man can accept without the sacrifice of prestige or dignity—credit by means of loans against security, (often sub-standard) repayable with interest. The Extension Department conducted by the Society functions so broadly that a mere cataloging of its activities is all that can be attempted in this article. It includes a bureau of agricultural advice; a system of field instruction by which agricultural experts carry information direct to the farmer's door; "The Jewish Farmer" the only agricultural magazine in the world printed in Yiddish; Yiddish agricultural text books; the grant of loans and the award of scholarships in State Agricultural Colleges; a Yiddish correspondence course; an agricultural night school; a purchasing service, through which farmers can buy farm commodities of

approved type and at reduced rates; in short, every phase of recognized extension service. The Society's Department of Rural Sanitation conducts an educational campaign embodying farm to farm instruction, group demonstrations, sanitation addresses, stereoptican and movie lectures, making use of every known method of public health education. The Society promotes the social and religious sides of country life. It grants loans for the erection of buildings to serve social and religious purposes and co-operates with the Council of Jewish Women and the United Synagogue of America in a broad program of communal activities.

The one aim on which all the foregoing effort was concentrated was to foster growth along natural lines. By avoiding artificial means, by steering clear of paternalism, through scrupulous care not to degrade him whom it was sought to help, there was reared a stalwart, self-reliant, Jewish farmer, able to take his place in American agriculture.

THE Jew has been stigmatized as a non-producer—as if he were to blame that productive occupation was closed to him. The results in America prove that, given the opportunity, the Jew can establish himself securely on the farm, "under his own vine and fig tree, with no one to make him afraid."

In the Public Eye



DR. HENRY MOSKOWITZ, a well-known social worker of New York, is a child of the Ghetto, a product of settlement activities.

He early exhibited his power of leadership and became a worker in East Side social service. He participated in many cultural and philanthropic endeavors and was notably active in the adoption of the so-called preferential agreement of the clothing trade which to a certain degree put a stop to the endless strikes and lockouts in the trade.

At present he is the Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Ort Reconstruction Fund. He has recently returned from an extensive trip abroad where he studied first-hand the activities of the organization of which he is the head in the United States.

He has issued an official report depicting in detail the achievements of Ort and the conditions that call for further promotion of Ort's activities in the United States.

This report is an authoritative statement and has been enthusiastically received by those who are interested in the cause. The Executive Committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge Independent Order B'nai B'rith at their recent meeting December 6th at Cincinnati, Ohio, passed the following resolution which speaks for itself:

"RESOLVED, That the Executive Committee express our belief that Ort is doing a work which will not only reflect great credit on the Jewish people, but which will ultimately greatly ameliorate the conditions of millions of our brethren, and **BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED**, that we give our hearty endorsement to the Ort program."

SHOLOM ASCH has left the United States to make his home in Paris where the atmosphere is better for the inspiration of creative artists. A farewell banquet attended by all the Jewish writers in New York attested to his eminence as a man of letters.

At the age of 45 he has attained foremost rank among Jewish prose writers, and his short stories, historical novels and plays would make more than a five-foot shelf.

When he was only 20, Sholom Asch experienced the thrill of an author's life-time: He saw his first story published, and at 23 he achieved his first success as a playwright. A play of his was produced on the Polish stage.

Most of his books have been translated in all European languages and his plays have been produced in Berlin, Paris, Moscow and New York.



SHOLOM ASCH was a pupil of the renowned teachers and writers, Peretz and Dinnenson; and it is because of these influences that he was so much interested in the Yiddish schools in Poland known as the Medam, Reichman, and Dinnenson schools. These schools were established during the war and formed the beginning of a new system of Yiddish education. It was primarily due to the efforts and persistence of Sholom Asch that the Joint Distribution Committee extended relief for the support of these schools. The issue of Yiddish education abroad created considerable commotion among Jewish leaders.



ABRAHAM CAHAN, editor of the Jewish Daily Forward has just returned from Palestine with his heart full of the Holy Land, for, as he said, "Palestine is part of my heart." And yet, Mr. Cahan has his doubts about Palestine. He is not certain that it will solve the old tragedy known as the Jewish question. He said he views the economic future of Palestine with uncertainty.

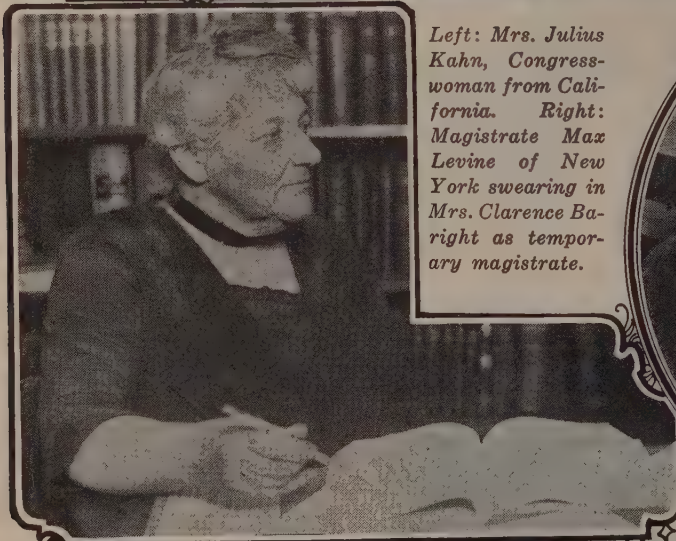
Though himself not a Zionist, he views with profound respect the enthusiasm and devotion of those who work for Palestine.

Mr. Cahan, like Sholom Asch, is a native of Poland (Vilna), but 20 years older. Political persecution gave him to America whither he came in 1882.

He had scarcely set his foot on these shores than he became a leader of Jewish immigrants.

Cahan returned in full measure the goodness of America with the genius of his pen and his leadership. As founder and editor of the Jewish Daily Forward of New York he has attained front rank in American journalism. He is a rare personality in journalism for in the midst of a busy career as the editor of a great newspaper, he has found time for creative writing and has published a number of short stories and novels in English of which the best known are "Jekel," "The White and Red Terror" and "The Rise of David Levinsky."

News in Views



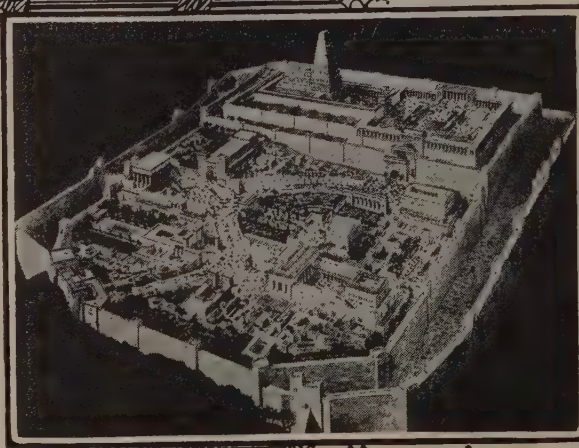
Left: Mrs. Julius Kahn, Congresswoman from California. Right: Magistrate Max Levine of New York swearing in Mrs. Clarence Barrington as temporary magistrate.



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A full-sized replica of King Solomon's temple in all its glory will be among the sights of the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial Exposition this year. It is to cost \$3,000,000.



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The Executive Committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge, I. O. B. B. met in Cincinnati with the new President, Alfred M. Cohen on December 6. The picture at the top shows the Committee in session at the headquarters of the Grand Lodge in the Electric building, Cincinnati.



Already Tel-Aviv, the Jewish boomtown of Palestine, has a traffic problem and here is a picture of one of the first traffic cops of Tel Aviv.



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The power station at Haifa on the slope of historical Mt. Carmel, one of the three electric plants of the Rutenberg Concession is harnessing the Jordan to illuminate the Holy Land

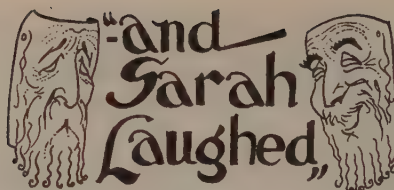


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At top: An exclusive and hitherto unpublished photograph of Mrs. Brandeis, wife of Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis. At left: The flour mill at Haifa in Palestine, an investment of \$1,000,000 and the pride of the Holy Land's new industrial life.



"And Sarah laughed within herself, saying: 'After I am waxed old shall I have pleasure, my lord being old also?' "—GENESIS 18:12

IBN EZRA'S TROUBLES

Abraham Ibn Ezra was a humorist who wrote in Hebrew prose and verse. He was always in great poverty and may be said to typify Israel smiling with gentle humor at misfortune. He laughed at his troubles thus:

In vain I labor, all my toil is vain,

For never can I boast of riches' gain.

The fates have frowned upon me since my birth,

And failure is my portion here on earth.

Were I to take the notion in my head To deal in shrouds, the cerements of the dead,

Then to establish how ill-starred am I,

No man who lives on earth would ever die.

Or should I try to make wax candles pay,

The sun would shine by night as well as day.

ANECDOTE TRANSLATED FROM YIDDISH

In a bath-house in old Russia the bathers sat together in the steam-room. Now there was Chaim, the half-witted, who was always afraid he would lose himself in the bath-house. Since all were naked, how was he to know himself from the others, Chaim wondered. This worried Chaim greatly so that for awhile he ceased to go to the bath-house altogether.

But after some time, he thought of a plan: He would tie a red ribbon about his ankle, and thus he would know himself from the others in the bath-house. And this he did.

But the knot became unfastened and the red ribbon fell from Chaim's ankle. Thereupon a wag picked it up and tied it about his own leg. At first Chaim was puzzled beyond words when he discovered this, but at last his wonderment gave vent to words.

"Lord Almighty," he exclaimed, "if this man is me, who am I?"

HEINRICH HEINE ON MISFORTUNE

The German Jew, Heinrich Heine, gave Jewish coloring to his German writings of which the following defini-

SARAH'S was the first recorded laugh among our people.

And through all the weeping of Israel may be heard a gentle strain of laughter. Israel has wept, with a whimsical smile beneath his tears.

To bring into the light of Israel's smiles today the Jewish humor of all time, shall henceforth be the purpose of this page which hitherto has been devoted to the department of miscellaneous humor under the caption "B. B. Shots."

We invite the contributions of every Ben B'rith to the end that this department may become a perennial fountain of the best of Jewish humor, old and new.

For each of the best five examples of Jewish humor submitted, the B'nai B'rith will award a Menorah pin each month.

Address Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, Electric Building, Cincinnati.

tions of Fortune and Misfortune are examples:

"Fortune or Good Luck is like a young and lively girl, a relative of ours who is staying with us on a visit. By her unaffected merriment, sweet singing, and airy gossip she makes her surroundings extremely happy, and her presence is therefore hailed by us with much delight. But, alas, she is like a golden butterfly, flighty and restless, and cares not much to abide in one place for any length of time.

"Quite different, however, is Dame Misfortune, who may be likened to an aged relative, and spinster to boot, that has a bitter look about her, and a sour temper. When she is paying us a visit, she considers herself quite at home, and would thus sit, and knit, and chatter, and moan, from morning till night. Oh, how ardently we all long for her speedy departure from among us; but she, for her part, is fully determined to stay on and on, forever and ever."

THE HUMOR OF BEN-ZEEB

BEN-ZEEB, an Eighteenth Century Hebrew writer, was a contributor of essays and light verse to "The Gatherer," a Hebrew periodical published at Koenigsburg, Prussia, from 1783 to 1797.

He liked to laugh at the miserly rich and two of his laughs at their expense still are extant:

*A miser once into a river fell—
Hard by a boatman heard his frenzied yell;*

He swiftly ran and cried, "Give me your hand

And I shall bring you safely back to land."

"Give" moaned the miser, "when I've ne'er before

"Given, no—never!" He was seen no more.

* * *

A miser once dreamed he had given away

Some bread to a beggar he met on the way.

In terror he woke, and he solemnly swore

That the rest of his life he would slumber no more.

BEN JACOB'S EPITAPH

IN times of yore, as now, it was the custom to erect memorials to those who in their life-time were neglected. For such Ben-Jacob wrote this epitaph: *Here lies Nacheson, man of great renown,*

Who won much glory in his native town:

'Twas hunger that killed him, and they let him die—

They give him statues now, and gaze, and sigh—

While Nacheson lived, he badly wanted bread,

Now he is gone, he gets a stone instead.

THE JEST OF THE DYING RABBI

HE had suffered want and misery all his life, though he had served his faith with the finest devotion.

"Do you know," he said, on his death-bed, "if, after all the sad experience I have had in the past, there is no future life, I shall be greatly amused."

The Confessions of a Rabbi's Wife

(Continued from Page 113)

The Rabbi's wife must have no interest of her own. Is she a musician—very well, she'll be a help with the choir or delightful to help out with a program when the audience is too small for an outside artist. Was she a professional social worker before marriage? Perfectly splendid, because we need a woman like that on our Jewish charities and the Rabbi's wife ought to represent the congregation. But to have an avocation of her own: well, maybe they resent it in us because it makes us a little different from the other congregational ladies. And it is very unsafe to be different.

* * *

THIS is not the time and place to compare, as a certain Jewish editor sometimes does, the wages of several of our highest paid Rabbis with the wages of the most underpaid servants of the Lord in other denominations. But let me say that unless the Rabbi is one of the very "successful" ones of his profession, he and especially his wife are going to wrestle with the monthly expenses just as savagely as Father Jacob wrestled with the angel.

It is not that the Rabbi is paid so little; the trouble is he is supposed to put on "front" all out of proportion to his annual income. The small merchants in his congregation do not try to keep up with the congregational plutocrats, but our Rabbi, by virtue of his position, not only can but must mingle with them. They invite him to their anniversary dinners—he buys a dress suit; their ladies invite his wife to their most exclusive "afternoons" at which she appears in a simple bit of velvet and gold lace called a hat, representing the price of a season's ticket to the concerts on which she has long set her heart.

The Rabbi's family is also likely to indulge in what his congregation calls luxuries, although he terms them necessities. He wants to read and grow; his magazine stand overflows with high-priced scholarly journals; he buys the latest books. Often he attends university classes for a higher degree; he might buy a cheap car for what his stupid-looking thesis and sheepskin cost him. To say nothing of his contributions to charitable and civic causes, sometimes not very large but often far beyond his means, since he feels he cannot ask his congregants for funds unless he himself gives until it hurts

. . . in this case often more than an effective phrase.

* * *

JUST one little story a Rabbi's wife told me a while ago, her eyes flashing with indignation, her voice trembling. "Do you want to know why I hate the town of B—so much that I can scarcely bear to speak of it? My husband was there during the first three years of our marriage. The salary wasn't large, but we managed to get along somehow. One summer by scrimping and planning we managed to get far enough ahead to take baby to the mountains. He wasn't well and we felt we ought to risk the extravagance. The congregation had always been slow—slow in collecting its dues, slow in paying the Rabbi. When we were on the ground, he could keep at them, although the humiliation of begging for his own salary used to tire him more than all his work. But now that we were out of sight—well, out of mind, too. At last they were two months behind. We had used up our little savings. It was so humiliating when we had to tell the village grocer and milkman—non-Jews and strangers—that we would pay them as soon as the check for which the Rabbi had written so often arrived. Then baby fell sick again. There was no drug store in our village; we had to go to the next town where we had no credit to buy him medicine. I never want to go through those ten minutes again: a sick baby and exactly fifteen cents in the Rabbi's pocket. I can remember to this day how he suddenly laughed—rather hysterically—and opened the dresser drawer where we kept the little fellow's bank. Fortunately there were several dollars in it; we used some of that hoard for medicine, the rest for a wire to our treasurer."

"But how could the treasurer—the whole board explain?" I gasped.

"They didn't try to," dryly. "A number of pew holders were out of town and collections were poor. Besides, they said, people who could afford expensive vacations ought to be able to wait a little while for their salaries."

An extreme case, but not as uncommon as you think. If I were given to collecting statistics. . . .

Lastly—and when my Rabbi says this, I always know the sermon is almost over and turn to the Adoration,

page 48—lastly, I am not writing about happy Rabbis and their happy wives. The truly congenial marriages, it has been well said, never get into the newspapers. Divorces make more newsy reading. So I have written of the dark, the wrangling, the miserable side of rabbinical marriages—or rather the marriages which a woman contracts not with the particular man she marries, but with his congregations, present and future.

Will you take warning, little niece? No, I didn't expect you to. I can hear you saying, "No matter how hard it is, if I only love Ben enough. . . ."

My dear, that's exactly what I've been saying to keep up my own spirits for the last thirty years!

Freud, Chassid or Humanist

By A. A. Roback

(Continued from Page 119)

relationship with me, and for my sake to give up certain prejudices in regard to race which he had previously permitted himself." (*Collected Papers*, vol. 1 p. 331).

The Jewish Issue Openly Raised

JEWISH scientists or artists often deceive themselves by supposing that their theories or productions are never questioned in the light of the racial origin of their author. Naturally when the descent of the originator is not well known, the issue will not be brought up, but as soon as the identification is complete and avowed, the notable finds himself the storm center of discussion, with the racial eddy as a conspicuous driving force. Often the references are veiled in a symbolism which in itself brings to mind the fundamental thesis of psycho-analysis, a symbolism which singles out some characteristic generally associated with the race. By certain rhetorical devices such as metonymy or synecdoche, it is possible to say one thing and mean something different.

In the present instance, however, the question has been broached quite overtly, and some writers on Freud's doctrines did not hesitate to pronounce psycho-analysis as a Jewish inspiration determined by the racial antecedents of

its originator. I believe myself that there is a great deal of truth in this conclusion but not for the preposterous reasons that are advanced now and then by theorists who are not *au courant* with the facts.

AS an example of this sort of generalization, let me cite F. C. Summner's doctoral dissertation *Psycho-Analysis of Freud and Adler* (*Pedagogical Seminary* 1922, vol. XXIX) which is a curious attempt to contrast the master and his brilliant pupil on the basis of their belonging to different races. Freud is supposed to possess a considerable feminine element in his make-up, while Adler is claimed to exhibit nothing but the aggressive masculine tendency which vents itself in a rugged style and harsh outlook. "Sigmund Freud," says this author, "has given us no factual history of his life save in a few personal references. These latter relate to his Jewish extraction, his pacifistic tendencies in counterdistinction to the Teutonic aggressivity in the late World War, and his extreme sexual-mindedness as evidenced throughout his theory of the neurose and which strikingly countenances the strong sexuality attributed racially to the Jewish male." (p. 157).

BY way of antithesis, this writer apparently makes out Adler's forebears the worshippers of Wotan and Thor, when he glibly explains that "Adler, endowed by heredity with pronounced strains of Teutonic virility could not by nature bear subordination to the feminism of Freud."

Naturally we must be amused at such a blunder, which should have been rectified by Sumner's examiners who were also the editors of the periodical in which the article appeared; and Ernest Jones, the chief disciple of Freud in England, in fact in all English-speaking countries, after taking the young Doctor to task for the inadequacy of his work, regards the latter quotation as "perhaps the most priceless remark" in the dissertation. "What boots it," asks this close friend of the contrasted victims, "that Adler is as Jewish as Freud? For the purpose of this theory he must be a Teuton." (*International Journal of Psycho-Analysis* Jan. April 1923, vol. 1V).

February in Advance

The February number of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE will contain a contribution of Leo R. Sack, a Washington Staff Correspondent who will discuss the Jewish members of CONGRESS.

Also: "My Youth," another fragment of the autobiography of Dr. Boris D. Bogen.

"Is Psycho-analysis a Jewish Movement?" by Dr. A. A. Roback.

A Purim Story by Elma Ehrlich Levinger.

seems to be a great field for anyone who can increase the alkaloid contents of such plants as belladonna, cinchona, digitalis, etc."

Max Fleisher, 1908, Superintendent of Inglewood Farms at Gordonville, Virginia, gives his career as follows: "Manager of animal husbandry at New Jersey training school two years; first lieutenant, United States Infantry; Superintendent of Inglewood Farms since 1919."

These careers can be multiplied. Each one tells a story that has human qualities in it. Through it all may be read the sincere desire of city boys to seek the soil and a living in the open country. The product of a school cannot be regimented into figures and tables. Our school has created and maintained a spirit of American agriculture, as practiced on the family-sized farm; it has developed in its students a sincere desire to be productive and useful, to love the land, and has thus laid the foundation upon which we may build a larger contribution to the agricultural life of America.

* * *

THE death of Rabbi Krauskopf in 1923 coming immediately after a disastrous fire of the pioneer building, brought the school to the crucial point of its career. It had been alleged that the school was a one man institution, that it was the hobby of Dr. Krauskopf, that it was his labors, his faith and his resourcefulness that had kept it going. No one can over-estimate the love and labors of its founder for the school. However it was generally overlooked that in the years of developing the school there had been gathered around Dr. Krauskopf a group of men equally sacrificing and equally inspired with his vision. They were among the most prominent of Philadelphia's financial and socially-minded men. Dr. Krauskopf's death was a calamity and a challenge. Under the leadership of Harry B. Hirsh they, quietly and with the same devotion characteristic of their many years of labor, set to work to maintain and continue the work that had been started. Presently they found aid and practical help from unexpected sources. Herbert D. Allman gave up all business to give his exclusive time gratis to take over such administrative duties as Dr. Krauskopf had performed.

The Jew With the Plow

By Bernhard Ostrolenk

(Continued from Page 115)

Louis Schlesinger had been increasingly impressed with the value of the school and at this time he lent to it his time and his influence successfully to marshal to the school's support the resources and help of his community. Other cities followed. The most notable accession to the school was when Abraham Erlanger, one day quietly and alone visited the school and inspected its work. He saw the boys busy in the fields and gardens, he saw them in overalls, he saw them doing their work with a zeal bordering on consecration. He came again and again. He began to give of his means in princely fashion, he gave his counsel and finally he set aside all other labors to devote himself exclusively to the extension of the influence of this school, an influence which he regards as a paramount contribution to American life. Already he has gathered around him a group of young men and women in New York among them Adam Gimbel, Sophie Irene Loeb, Mannie Strauss, who with Mr. Erlanger see in the Farm School an outstanding Jewish achievement.

* * *

SUMMARIZED, the twenty-nine years existence of The National Farm School has to its credit,

(1) The development of a method of agricultural education unique in America and in many particulars becoming a model for other agricultural schools.

(2) The building of an educational plant and inculcating a spirit that is a monument to American Israel.

(3) Affording opportunity to thousands of Jewish young men in the cities to give concrete expression to their love of the outdoors and their desire to live with mother earth.

(4) It has graduated a group of agriculture-loving men who are successful in their chosen vocations.

(5) It is today the center of an increasing number of thoughtful men who see in The National Farm School an opportunity to render an outstanding service to America and to its Jewish young.

(6) There can be no doubt that The Farm School indirectly contributes to the hoped-for better feeling from the fellow citizens of the Jew, when the Jew is able to point to his vital interest in America and its institutions through ownership and tillage of the soil.

My Childhood

By Boris D. Bogen

(Continued from Page 117)

hardy as to dispute the right of way with a youngster who had pushed me to one side as he charged up the stairs. The argument ended as usual.

"Djid," taunted the enemy, and spat.

With courage born of bitter desperation I fell upon him and we mingled in fiery combat. Hostilities were halted by the appearance of the supervisor, who pulled us apart and asked for details.

"He called me Djid," said I.

"And what of it?" queried the official.

"A Djid you are and there's no use denying it. Why, if we allowed Jews to slam the faces of our Russians whenever they are called Djid, we should have no face spared." And he proceeded to punish me for my unreasonableness to the unholy delight of my foe.

* * *

ONE morning we were called into the assembly hall. The director, with tears in his eyes and with a voice choked with emotion told us that the Tsar had been killed by Nihilists. He spoke for a long time and with intense feeling, but the one thought that reached me was that the schools would be closed for two whole weeks. This part of his message I carried home most jubilantly.

The entire family were gathered together; they looked worried and sad, and now and then one or another would cry a little. My gleeful tidings were received with horror. My father boxed my ears for being so happy on such a tragic occasion, whereupon I proceeded to outdo them all in my lamentations.

"What a dunce of a boy he is," said father. "Here we are, in terrible sorrow and distress, and he only rejoices that he is free from school. For us Jews especially this awful happening is a terrible calamity. God knows what will become of us."

* * *

THE troubles that came upon the Jews following the assassination of Alexander II seemed to my child mind merely the background for the purely personal catastrophe that overwhelmed our family at this time. The forfeiture of a large bond posted on a contract brought father's business crashing to ruin. We were plunged into poverty. We moved away from the pleasant house with its sunny garden and set up our belongings in the dismal rooms of a tenement house flat. Father strug-

gled desperately to retrieve his fortunes before his membership fee in the guild should expire, for if it could not be renewed, nothing would remain but to leave Moscow.

My two older sisters, who were gymnasium graduates, helped the family budget by conducting a little private school in our rooms. By virtue of their independent position they sought their own friends and, to father's distress, found themselves within the circle of the 'Intellectuals,' those young folk upon whom officialdom frowned and concerning whom we youngsters heard mysterious whispers. Father pleaded with the girls to drop these dangerous acquaintances.

"They were arresting people by the wholesale," he said, "what good can come of identifying yourselves with these political suspects."

* * *

MY sisters and their dangerous friends immediately became fascinating to me. I looked upon them with a new respect. I would huddle in a dark corner of the room, listening to their discussions, eager to learn their secrets. One day one of the young men asked me to carry a message to a friend.

I learned that they frequented the Turgeniev library and I lost no time in following their example. I turned eagerly to the Russian classics, with a special interest in books dealing with the life of the Nihilists, those storied figures who loomed so largely in the discussions of young radicals. Turgeniev's 'Fathers and Sons' carried me with it. I imagined myself the hero Bazaroff; I tried to imitate him in appearance, in mannerism. I refused to visit the barber, so that my hair might attain the proper length. I spoke little, I assumed the somber aspect of a man of deep thought. I acquired a cutting way of replying to questions.

Mother worried over my neglected appearance; father, weary and discouraged from the struggle for mere livelihood, yet found time to reprimand me for my neglect of the Gymnasium studies. And well he might, for I cut my classes with increasing frequency; buried in the pages of a book in my beloved library, I pictured myself a revolutionist and thrilled over imagined adventure. It was during this period that I found my hero.

He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, one of my sister's friends, but I knew he was active in 'underground' work. I had watched him reverently from a distance on the many occasions that he had visited our home, and when he called me to him and spoke seriously to me, as if I were his equal, I felt that my cup of glory was filled to overflowing. My admiration almost approached idolatry; I dreamed of the time when he would ask me to share in his dangerous undertakings and I resolved over and over again that I would not falter when that time came.

For a while however this new friendship was discouragingly uneventful. I got what thrill I could from walking by his side and listening to his grave discourse on life and ideals. Once we stopped at a stand and he treated me to some meat pie. Up to this time I had abided as a matter of course by the prohibition against 'treife' food, and the fact that my hero considered one piece of meat as lawful as another was a distinct shock to me. There was not time to hedge, however, I dared not tell him of my scruples . . . he might be angry . . . worse, he might laugh at me. So I picked up the forbidden gingerly and, without looking at it, stuffed it into my mouth. Despite my revulsion against the very feel of it, I could not but enjoy its savory taste and, as further it became less and less of an ordeal, a sense of triumph at my new-found courage overwhelmed me. My complacency held out for the rest of the day. But night brought repentance and fear; I could not sleep, and for hours I tossed about, pleading to an angry Diety to give me just another chance.

So began a veritable dual existence. By day the personality of my hero dominated me completely. By night I suffered the torments of the pious, recoiling in terror before the pit into which I was slipping. But as time went on those night sessions became shorter and less frequent and finally ceased altogether. Curiously enough it was just at this point that my friend introduced me to his companions and I was admitted into the storied world.

I was astonished to meet among the members of the circle many of the younger folks of friends of our family. But what astonished me still more was the free and easy manner in which the

Jewish members chummed with the few Russians in the group.

That the activity in which the circle engaged was dangerous, as well as thrilling, was soon brought home to me. Now and again one of the members would fail to turn up and I would learn of a police trap or a sudden raid in a home, and then of exile and prison. The impulse to get out of this uncomfortable picture was apt to come at such times, but the heroism of these martyrs shamed me into emulating their courage.

The leader of the circle was working upon a treatise on Socialism and, when police surveillance became annoying, arrangements were made to have him admitted to a hospital where the staff was sufficiently honeycombed with sympathizers to keep him there as a patient. Another boy and I were assigned to the task of calling upon him on alternate days, to bring fresh paper and take away the completed material. On one such occasion just as I was about to leave the place, I was called in for information as to the purpose of my visits and other details. I thought I acquitted myself rather handsomely and left the building with considerable satisfaction. No sooner had I reached the street however, than I realized that I had left the bundle of incriminating manuscript in the ante-room. I dared not return, lest it had already been found and would be traced to me. I rushed to my friend and told him of my predicament.

"Careless . . . you must learn better," said he, "but not to return . . . unpardonable sin. Go back and take your medicine; whatever happens, don't be a coward." So I returned to the hospital and there lay my bundle, just as I had left it. So I tucked it under my arm, and came away, nothing happened.

The necessity of earning a livelihood turned my mind to more prosaic thinking. There was a great field for private tutoring. Now I dropped all other interests and devoted myself to the task of preparation for this profession. I scoured the libraries for material dealing with this subject. I began to systematize my information on methods and programs. In time, I began to get pupils and gradually perceived results from my studies. These successes elated me beyond measure. I suppose that no one, observing that shabby young Jew, self-conscious with all the awkward lankiness of his fifteen years, would have guessed at the grandiose dreams that stirred him, dreams of a future spent in the worthwhile,

useful and dignified profession of a pedagogue.

Crude reality shattered those dreams almost at their very birth. I was forced to admit to myself that there was no chance for me to follow that calling. As a Jew, nothing would be available for me except private tutoring; and I would have to live in the Pale, for without a University degree I would have no right to exist outside of it.

This realization, and the reasoning that followed it, finally led me to the conclusion that my one chance lay in securing training in some highly specialized and technical subject, the preparation for which would not only bring me the necessary University degree but would also equip me for public instruction. I decided to enter art school and study architecture and drawing with an eye to combining this training with my previous studies in pedagogy. I had no illusions concerning my talent for these few studies, and I had no especial liking for art, but if in this way I could overcome the handicap of my Jewishness, winning at one and the same time a means of livelihood and the right to live in Moscow, what more could one desire?

Despite my lack of previous preparation, I made a fair record and began to feel that perhaps I had accidentally stumbled upon a career in which success awaited me. Then the great sculptor, Anatolski, in the course of a visit to Moscow, came to the school; I knew he was a Jew and when he examined the work of the Jewish students with particular interest, I could hardly wait until he came to my drawings.

"You will never make an artist," he said. "Don't try. We Jews must never undertake anything that we cannot do better than well."

His words settled my aspirations for a career in art once and for all.

Although I did have some friends in the school, I felt more drawn to my former associates, whom I met occasionally at some affair in the homes of mutual acquaintances. From casual conversations we drifted into more serious discussions which interested us to the extent of arranging regular gatherings.

The Decree of 1884, prohibiting the library circulation of a large number of books and laying down stringent rules for the regulation of literary circles, put an end to our collective reading and made it difficult to continue even our informal discussions.

It was then that young Wolfsohn, a

brilliant and popular student at the Gymnasium, suggested that we put our thoughts in writing and circulate the manuscript among those who had participated in our little gatherings. At first only one copy was put into circulation, but the demand for it increased as later issues made their appearance, and before long several hundred students, most of them Jews, were absorbed in the enterprise.

Then Wolfsohn died, and his friends spurred on by the idea of honoring his memory by strengthening his work, bent their efforts towards extending those activities. Gradually groups of five to ten boys began to gather to discuss the subject matter of the journal, the idea increased in popularity and finally representatives of these little groups came together in a central committee. Few indeed were the Jewish students in Moscow who did not participate in these groups. The purpose of all this was purely educational, as distinguished from the activities of the secret illegal organizations which proposed actually to bring about the changes we merely talked about. But the time came when we could no longer be content with theoretical discussions; our interest and zeal demanded some practical outlet and it was but natural that we should turn to the existing "underground" socialist circles. Many of us did join forces with that movement at this point, but a new outbreak of anti-Semitic excesses in South Russia turned my attention anew towards the problem of my own people.

The attitude of the socialist groups towards these excesses was a severe blow to the Jewish members.

"The Masses are gathering to strike their blow for freedom," they said. "At last they are ready to turn upon their oppressors. They attack Jews not as Jews but as members of the exploiting class; soon they will learn to recognize their true enemy. It is the will of the people." The Jewish members of the groups found themselves at the parting of the ways.

The test came one night at a meeting of the central organization in an out-of-the-way neighborhood on the outskirts of Moscow. Two Jewish members stood near the door of the meeting room, stretching forth their hands and begging all comers to give for the relief of the pogrom sufferers.

"Give a kopek for the innocent victims," they pleaded in the monotone of the Russian beggar. Almost without exception the Russian socialists passed them by without so much as a curious glance.

"The Dybbuk"

By Henry G. Alsberg

(Continued from Page 121)

Finally, just as the bridegroom comes to place the veil over the bride's face, she repulses him, crying in a man's voice, that she is united to her real love, the dead Channon. The Dybbuk, the spirit of Channon, not having been able to wed Leah in life, has possessed her after death. The third and last act concerns itself with the efforts of the great wonder-rabbi, Asrael of Brainitz, to cast out this evil spirit. It develops that Leah's father had many years before made a compact with Channon's father that their first-born, if girl and boy, should be betrothed and wed. And for an unconscious breach of this compact, Leah's father has now to answer to the complaint of Channon's father. With awful solemnity a trial between the dead complainant and the living defendant is called. But the dead man refuses to accept the judgment of Rabbi Asrael's court. Nevertheless, the great Zaddik proceeds to exorcise the Dybbuk (the spirit of Channon) from the body of Leah. After a tremendous effort, in which he calls to his aid "the higher and the lower and the middle powers of the other world," and finally hurls anathema and excommunication at the recalcitrant spirit, the latter is defeated and driven out of Leah. But before the bridegroom arrives to wed her, Leah dies and her soul goes to join that of her dead lover.

THIS is the plot of the play, a mystic melodrama, with no villain save fate, and the chief interest centered on the problem of the relation of souls that have passed out of physical existence to those still corporeally embodied. Certainly you have here no peculiarly Jewish idea. In fact, quite the contrary. The old Jewish religion concerned itself less with the hereafter than with the conduct and morals of life. "Dybbuk," on the other hand, seems not concerned with life at all, except insofar as life is connected with invisible beings; the living are the unreal entities; the dead, hovering all about us, are the real beings. How to arrange one's life so as to accommodate oneself to the customs, needs and desires of the unseen world and prepare to pass through the right transmutations to the highest and most delectable spheres after death, these are the absorbing problems of the Chas-

sidim in Ansky's play. By grace of this belief in the unseen, everything in life has a hidden meaning and significance and a possible connection with the unseen world. Every object of daily use has its mystic occult phases. The "evil ones," no less than the "good," are always around us. Man must walk carefully, as in a crowded room, always—to escape offending "the great" or "small" or "good" or "bad" invisible "ones."

IN other words, "The Dybbuk" exhibits a side of Chassidic culture and tradition and mysticism which must be quite intelligible and sympathetic to a gentile audience from wherever it comes. The Russians, the Germans, the Celts, have the same feeling concerning the existence of the unseen world, its importance, its influence on our lives, and the need of perpetual conciliation of the innumerable spirits that inhabit space around us. This much for the more pantheistic side of "The Dybbuk's" mysticism. For the higher idealogy concerning the transmigration of souls, which is only dimly touched upon in the play, this also is a form of mysticism which not only has roots far back in Eastern philosophy, but very much touches newer western theologies that have taken deep hold on the modern imagination. The belief that a dead man can be summoned to a trial in a Rabbinical court, is not so far from Sir Oliver Lodge's intimate conversations with his son killed in France.

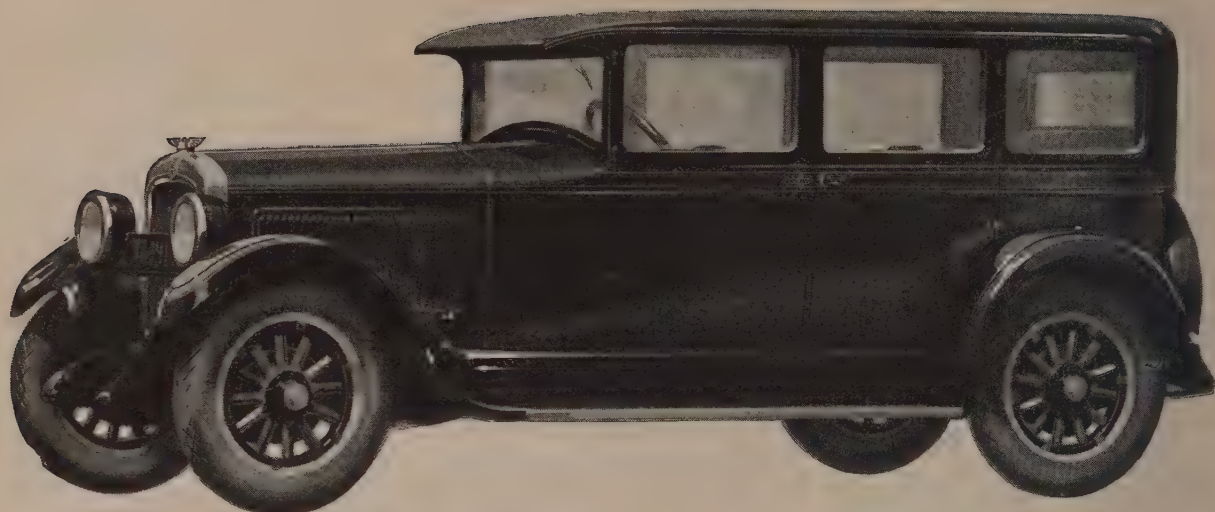
The play is really, despite its devout Jewish spirit, and its constant reference to the Torah, the Talmud and other holy writings, polytheistic in feeling, or, at any rate, pantheistic. This is a dictum for which I shall doubtless be lapidated, in accordance with good old Jewish custom.

TO do Ansky full justice, however, he did not, indeed, make a complete halt at the folk-lore side of the old Jewish Ghetto. Enamored of all the details of Chassidic beliefs and half-beliefs, as Walter Scott was of Scotch superstitions and traditions, he nevertheless felt the urge to generalize, bring his audience back to the old conception of Judaism as a general system of morality, applicable to all mankind, something more than queer and strange local religious beliefs and cere-

monies. So he has given us the Zaddik Asrael, who is called upon to exorcise the Dybbuk in the last act. Asrael represents the higher ethical teaching of the scriptures, the generalization of mankind, the brotherhood of the righteous, as against a narrow racial fanaticism. He speaks as the representative of a God who is the God of every righteous man. Wonderfully is this brought out in the prayer of the Zaddik at the opening of the third act. I have not the text with me, but I quote from memory. Says the Zaddik: "There are seventy nations in the world, and of these seventy nations, the holiest is the people of Israel. There are seventy tongues in the world, and the holiest of these is the Holy Tongue (Hebrew). And the holiest word in this language is the Name of God. There are many holy places, but the holiest was the Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem, and in that Temple the holiest place was the Altar containing the Holy Scrolls. In all the year, the holiest day is the Day of Atonement. And all these holinesses united into one Holiness when the High Priest opened the Altar on the Day of Atonement and pronounced the Name of God."

THUS far narrow, if fervent nationalism. But see how he goes on, after a pause: "Every place where a righteous man does a righteous deed is Holy of Holies; every word that a righteous man says in praise of the Lord and good deeds are Holy of Holies; every thought and prayer of the righteous the world over will go up to the throne of God and find acceptance—"

It is plain what Ansky means here. He wishes to indicate that the Jewish spirit, Jewish folk-lore and Jewish traditions, and perhaps, even the "Jewish mission" so-called, are well enough in their place, but he wants to remind the Jewish audience that what really counts is the universal brotherhood of all right-thinking and doing persons, and that this vast brotherhood will be only an expansion of the original conception of "the chosen people." All through the play, despite its local color, emphasis is laid on the value of real goodness, real "holiness" in opposition to merely local and racial "holiness."



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B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY, 1926

President's Message

The News Bulletin of Dec. 15th 1925 Contains the Following Message of President Alfred M. Cohen to the I. O. B. B' Lodges in United States

OBVIOUSLY there can be but one body vested with authority to speak for the B'nai B'rith in matters pertaining to "Undertakings of a general Jewish character." That body (in the interim between conventions of the Constitution Grand Lodge) is the Executive Committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge.

Our Order embraces hundreds of lodges, each with the same right to speak and act as the others. How futile, nay, how ridiculous would our efforts appear, if the diverse views of our individual lodges were accepted as the attitude of the Order.

A few days ago I received from a lodge a communication addressed to the

OFFICERS and MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE CONSTITUTION GRAND LODGE I. O. B. B. AND THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE JEWISH JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE, setting forth a resolution of that lodge expressing its sense that "All future undertakings of a general Jewish character be handled by or through the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith."

I do not doubt the good intentions behind the resolution, but I am compelled nevertheless to disapprove the adoption thereof.

Our lodges have wisely delegated to the Constitution Grand Lodge the responsibility of speaking and acting for

them concerning "undertakings of a general Jewish character." Sometimes the discharge of that responsibility is not easy—it can be made even more difficult if lodges embarrass the situation by adopting resolutions similar to the one cited and sending them ELSEWHERE THAN TO THEIR OWN DISTRICT GRAND LODGE OFFICERS. Every District Grand Lodge has a representative in the Executive Committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge. He will bring the resolution to the latter's attention.

Will all lodges kindly bear in mind the admonition of this message?

ALFRED M. COHEN,
President.

Constitution Grand Lodge Meets in Cincinnati

ABOUT a table in an office on the fourth story of the Electric Building in Cincinnati, the Executive Committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge B'nai B'rith assembled on December 6th, for its first meeting under the new Presidency. Here is the new home of B'nai B'rith in America.

But no! In every heart in which there is pride of its Jewishness and which is conscious of the high mission of the Jew in the world—there is the home of B'nai B'rith.

This office in the Electric Building might be called rather the capitol of B'nai B'rith from which emanates the service that is the expression of B'nai B'rith. About the room hang the portraits of the mighty men of Israel, its philanthropists, its scholars and its prophets.

In the room beyond is the library of B'nai B'rith—the written record of the contribution of the Jew to America from the time of the Jew who helped to finance the American Revolution to the time of the Jews who won the Congressional medal for valor in the late war.

Here may be read the story of the Jew in American art, the Jew in industry, the Jew in American literature, the Jew in medicine and in law and the Jew in commerce.

* * * * *

IN these surroundings the Executive Committee met to consider the great problems that have arisen in Jewry since the last convention. The new President, Alfred M. Cohen, was in the chair; the well-beloved former President, Adolf Kraus, who is still a member of the Executive Committee, was missing for the first time from the councils of the supreme body of the order, for he is passing a Floridian winter. At the last Convention he committed the reins of authority to a new leader, but did not pass from the scene. As a member of the Executive Committee, he still gives to B'nai B'rith the benefit of his great wisdom and idealism.

* * * * *

SIX months had passed since the Convention. By reason of unavoidable circumstances, there had been no meet-

ing of the Executive Committee. In consequence, the responsibility of making determinations had fallen wholly to the discretion of the new President, Mr. Cohen. When B'nai B'rith was invited to send representatives to the meeting of the United Jewish Campaign, Mr. Cohen, acting for the Order, commissioned delegates for this service. When B'nai B'rith was called upon to send delegates to the extraordinary conference of the Palestine Fund Appeal, Mr. Cohen, acting for the Order, dispatched a number of B'nai B'rith to the conference.

In giving its approval to these acts, the Executive Committee turned the steps of B'nai B'rith into new fields.

Henceforth B'nai B'rith will serve in Jewry wherever the good cause presents itself. It will co-operate with responsible Jewish organizations in the consideration of problems affecting all Jewry. Where the cause merits support, it will be freely given. B'nai B'rith shall be brothers in a covenant of service with all Jewry.

The Executive Committee approved the act of the President in sending fraternal delegates to the meetings of the United Jewish Campaign and of the Palestine Fund Appeal. And it authorized the President henceforth to send delegates to every conference involving Jewish problems and sponsored by representative Jewish bodies.

And more:

Not only will B'nai B'rith co-operate with all Jewry but will also seek the co-operation of Jewry in enterprises of its own that concern all Jews.

The situation of the Jewish immigrants in Mexico is the concern not alone of the B'nai B'rith but of all Jews; the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation which keeps alive the Jewish consciousness in college youths, is likewise the concern of all Jews.

For the financial support of such activities, the Executive Committee determined henceforth to appeal outside of B'nai B'rith.

To demonstrate the sympathy of B'nai B'rith with the development of Palestine, the Executive Committee considered with favor the erection of a B'nai B'rith clubhouse in the town of Tel Aviv, upon the appeal of Mr. Lewin-Epstein, Vice-President of Tel Aviv Lodge.

The clubhouse that is to be erected will be the welcoming spot for newcomers in Tel Aviv and for the reception of American members visiting there.

* * * * *

AND, ever conscious of the mission of B'nai B'rith to cherish America as the home of a proud, purposeful and intelligent Jewry, the Executive Committee voted to extend the work of the Hillel Foundation. Through the Hillel Foundation, Jewish college students are inspired to regard their Jewishness and their Judaism as a precious inheritance. The purpose of the Hillel Foundation is to lift up strong leaders of Israel from among the Jewish college youth of America.

B'nai B'rith, through its Executive Committee, took count of its members and found a weakness in New York. There the Jews have not united with B'nai B'rith in the numbers that the Jewish population of that city merits.

It was determined that B'nai B'rith must be made stronger with the strength that a large membership in such a city as New York can provide. The enlistment of the Jewry of New York in B'nai B'rith was made a special duty

to be performed by the President and the Executive Committee.

* * * * *

THESE various determinations had to do with helping to make the Jew more effective in the service of his fellow-men; in order that this work may go on without hindrance, the Jew must be strong in defense against those who attack him with the weapons of defamation.

The Executive Committee determined, therefore, that the work of the Anti-Defamation League shall go on under direction of the men who have functioned so efficiently in the past. Sigmund Livingston of Bloomington, Ill., is Chairman of the League.

The Executive Committee extended the hand of fellowship to the Federal Council of Churches which has inaugurated a movement for good will between religions.

The World Court was indorsed.

The work of ORT was given approval.

While the committee was in session there came to the headquarters of the Grand Lodge a letter reporting an event significant of the return of peace to the world.

It told of the meeting in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia of representatives of the Grand Lodges of B'nai B'rith of Germany, Roumania, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Turkey, Palestine and the Lodge in London, England.

The two-days' session of the Executive Committee was not without its social side. There were luncheons and the sessions closed with a banquet given by the Cincinnati lodge at which the speakers expressed the sentiments of B'nai B'rith in its wider mission.

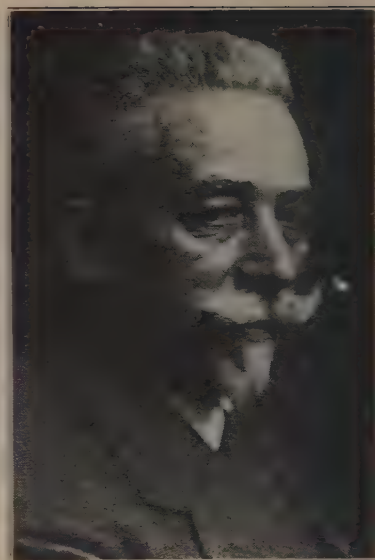
I. O. B. B. in Palestine

WHEN the Executive Committee of B'nai B'rith was meeting in Cincinnati last month it was privileged to be addressed by E. W. Lewin-Epstein, Vice-President of Tel Aviv Lodge in Palestine who, by co-incidence was in Cincinnati at the same time.

Mr. Lewin-Epstein, founder of the Rehoboth colony in Palestine in 1890, and organizer of the Carmel Co., became a Ben B'rith in 1890.

We print his address in full, inasmuch as it gives a first-hand survey of conditions in Palestine and contains a poignant appeal to which the Executive Committee responded by recommending that B'nai B'rith finance the construction of a B'nai B'rith clubhouse in Tel Aviv.

"I want to thank you for the privilege given me of speaking before your



E. W. Lewin-Epstein

Committee and would like to give you a report of the doings of the B'nai B'rith in Palestine," said Mr. Epstein.

"The Grand Lodge is in Jerusalem and there are many lodges in other towns. The Lodge at Tel Aviv has about two hundred members at this time and it could be enlarged if the Lodge only had a building of its own. The Garden City promised to get a quarter of a million dollars and they began to build the end of June, just at the time when I left. The people at the head of it are the best people in Jerusalem. Dr. Yellin is one of the heads and I think some of the gentlemen here know him. We think that this Garden City will be a very good example of the future progress in Jerusalem.

"The living conditions in Jerusalem are not the best. The Garden City will improve it and will give a model for the suburbs. The old city of Jerusalem has very bad living conditions. They have no waterpipes and are still surrounded by the old wall, but the new suburbs are more modern.

"The B'nai B'rith in other cities are doing their best to improve the people in every way. Palestine is more or less the immigration country for European Jewry. They come there from every country. There were about ten thousand immigrants a year coming into Palestine, and in time of war there were about sixty-five thousand Jewish inhabitants. Last year, at the end of June, forty thousand came into Palestine, all absorbed and none employed. There are two kinds of immigrants. Young men and women assisted by the Zionists in agri-

cultural work, in building trades, and the middle class who did no constructive work in their own countries but are now engaged in agricultural work in Palestine.

"There are registered in our Lodge in Tel Aviv, one hundred families and they ask advice of the Lodge about investing their money and about most everything that is of vital interest to them.

"I have addressed a letter to Ex-President Kraus, which was handed over to the President. We want to build in Tel Aviv a B'nai B'rith house for two hundred members. The people are coming by the hundreds and thousands. They are coming from Poland, Germany, Austria, etc. We could have no less than a thousand members if we had our own home and they could meet in our building. We have a lot but no money to build a house. We require about five thousand dollars for the house and shall repay the loan in about ten years. It would be a regular B'nai B'rith center and would give prestige to the B'nai B'rith in Palestine. We would organize committees to bring people to the center, but as it is now, we have no place.

"After all, Palestine is the land that every Jew looks forward to, and it would be known all over Europe if we had our own home. We would have a central place to have meetings and to invite visitors. I am the Vice President of the Tel Aviv Lodge and the Mayor of Tel Aviv is the President."



DR. SAMUEL DAICHES, president of B'nai B'rith Lodge No. 663, London, England, shook hands with Dr. Leo Baeck, president of District Grand Lodge No. 8, of Germany.

The occasion was the meeting of representatives of the European Grand Lodges at Prague on September 14, 1925.

From left to right in the picture they are:

Dr. Leo Baeck, President, District Grand Lodge VIII, Germany; Dr. Ed-

mund Kohn, Vice-President, District Grand Lodge XII, Austria; Dr. Leon Ader, President, District Grand Lodge XIII, Poland; Dr. Josef Popper, President, District Grand Lodge X, Czechoslovakia; Dr. Samuel Daiches, President, London Lodge No. 663, London, England; Dr. Yakir Behar, Secretary, District Grand Lodge XI, Turkey; Dr. Leopold Jerusalem, Vice-President, District Grand Lodge X, Czechoslovakia; Dr. Emil Wiesmeyer, Secretary, District Grand Lodge X, Czechoslovakia.

News from Lodges

SAM J. LEON, President of District Grand Lodge No. 6, and Harry Lapidus of the General Committee of the District, led a party of seven men recently to Lincoln, Nebraska, where they succeeded in getting forty-five applications out of forty-eight eligibles in that city.

CLARKSBURG Lodge No. 727 took a very prominent part in the celebration of Armistice Day. The I. O. B. B. float won the prize in the parade.

PISGAH Lodge, Detroit, is completing a \$125,000 club house, auditorium and community center.

LAWNDALE Lodge of Chicago organized last May with 75 members increased its membership in November to more than 300. Lincoln Park Lodge in the Northside of Chicago, though less than a month old, already has a membership of 300.

THE annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 5 has been arranged for February 14 and 15 in Jacksonville, Fla. The local committee in charge has made complete arrangements for caring for the members and their ladies.

MEMPHIS Lodge has placed a member of the lodge as teacher on Americanization at the Vocational School.

KANSAS City Lodge arranged a dinner for about sixty newly made Jewish citizens. This is an annual event. The lodge conducts a B'nai B'rith night school.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., has made a survey of all the Jewish residents and a card index is kept of their citizenship status. Classes in English and the fundamentals of American government are conducted.

IN addition to the many activities of the lodges in District No. 1, the campaign of the New York City lodges for funds with which to erect a B'nai B'rith Building in this city stands out pre-eminently. The need for such a building, which will accommodate all the lodges and auxiliaries as well as the many other activities in connection with B'nai B'rith work in New York, is more so felt now than at any time in the history of B'nai B'rith in New York City. A very active Committee is busily engaged in this campaign, so that the consummation of the hope of New York City members will shortly be realized.

Until the erection of the new B'nai B'rith Building, the office of District No. 1 will be located at the Gotham National Bldg., 1819 Broadway, at 59th St., New York City. These offices will be occupied on and after Dec. 30th, 1925.

District No. 1 has at this time 28 Women's Auxiliaries, every one of them doing its share of the work in connection with the lodges with which they are affiliated.

NOVEMBER 29, 1925, Ashtabula Lodge No. 1031, I. O. B. B. was instituted at Ashtabula, Ohio. Brother Lou M. Frank, for many years a member of the General Committee of District Grand Lodge No. 2, secured the petition for the lodge and was in charge of the installation ceremonies which were attended by Judge A. B. Frey of St. Louis, President of the District, Alfred A. Benesch of Cleveland, Past President, Leonard H. Freiberg of Cincinnati, Secretary, and J. J. Friedland of Youngstown, a member of the General Committee.

To the Editor:

In your issue of November 19, on page 5, I noticed the article under heading "Do You Know An Older Ben B'rith?" and there is apparently a confusion in the names.

In the August issue, you had the picture of my father, Mr. Isaac Fuld, and it is doubtless to him that you make reference in the first photograph of your November article.

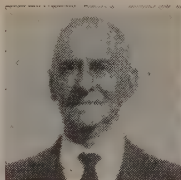
My father, who, I am sorry to say, died on November 19, did not claim that he was the oldest man in the B'nai B'rith, but that he was the oldest in membership. In other words, there may be men in the organization older than ninety-one, but are not B'nai B'rith as many years as my father was.

I have just referred to your August number and find that same correctly states the month and year in which father joined the Order, namely, September, 1855. At the time of his death, therefore, father was a Ben B'rith for seventy years and two months. He was very proud of the fact that, as far as he knew, he was the oldest in membership, and even though he has passed away, I would want that honor accorded him, unless some member can show that on November 19th he was affiliated with the B'nai B'rith longer than father's record of seventy years and two months.

WILLIAM FULD,
St. Louis, Mo.

WE are requested to announce that the offices of the Jewish World Relief Conference have removed from 10, Place Edouard VIII, Paris, to 83, Avenue de la Grande Armee, Paris.

Our Old Guard



PHINEAS STONE joined the Pacific Lodge, San Francisco, in 1867. He is a charter member of the Golden Gate lodge and has passed the chairs of the Grand Lodge. He joined the Mobile lodge in 1870 and was a charter member of Alpha Lodge 219, District 7, Pensacola, Fla., where he is still a member.

Mr. Stone was born in Posen, May 1, 1842, and came to this country in 1847.

Jewish Calendar

5686

1925

Rosh Hashonah.....	Sat., Sept. 19
	Sun., Sept. 20
Yom Kippur.....	Mon., Sept. 28
Succoth	Sat., Oct. 3
	Sun., Oct. 4
Shemini Atzereth.....	Sat., Oct. 10
Simchath Torah.....	Sun., Oct. 11
*Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan.....	Mon., Oct. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....	Wed., Nov. 18
First Day Chanukah.....	Sat., Dec. 12
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....	Fri., Dec. 18
Fast of Esther.....	Sat., Feb. 27
Fast of Tebeth.....	Sunday, Dec. 27

1926

Rosh Chodesh Shebat.....	Sat., Jan. 16
*Rosh Chodesh Adar.....	Mon., Feb. 15
Purim	Sun., Feb. 28
Rosh Chodesh Nissan.....	Tues., Mar. 16
First Day Pessach.....	Tues., Mar. 30
Seventh Day Pessach.....	Mon., Apr. 5
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....	Thurs., Apr. 15
Lag b'Omer.....	Sun., May 2
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....	Fri., May 14
Shabuoth	Wed., May 19
	Thurs., May 20
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz.....	Sun., June 13
Fast of Tammuz.....	Tues., June 29
Rosh Chodesh Ab.....	Mon., July 12
Fast of Ab.....	Tues., July 20
*Rosh Chodesh Allul.....	Wed., Aug. 11

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

To the Editor:

I am engaged in editing the writings of Isaac Mayer Wise, and should be grateful if any of your readers who may have letters from him, or documents relative to him, would lend them to me for a short time.

Very truly yours,

A. S. OKO, Librarian,
Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati.

David Sommers

Tribute by Gilbert Harris

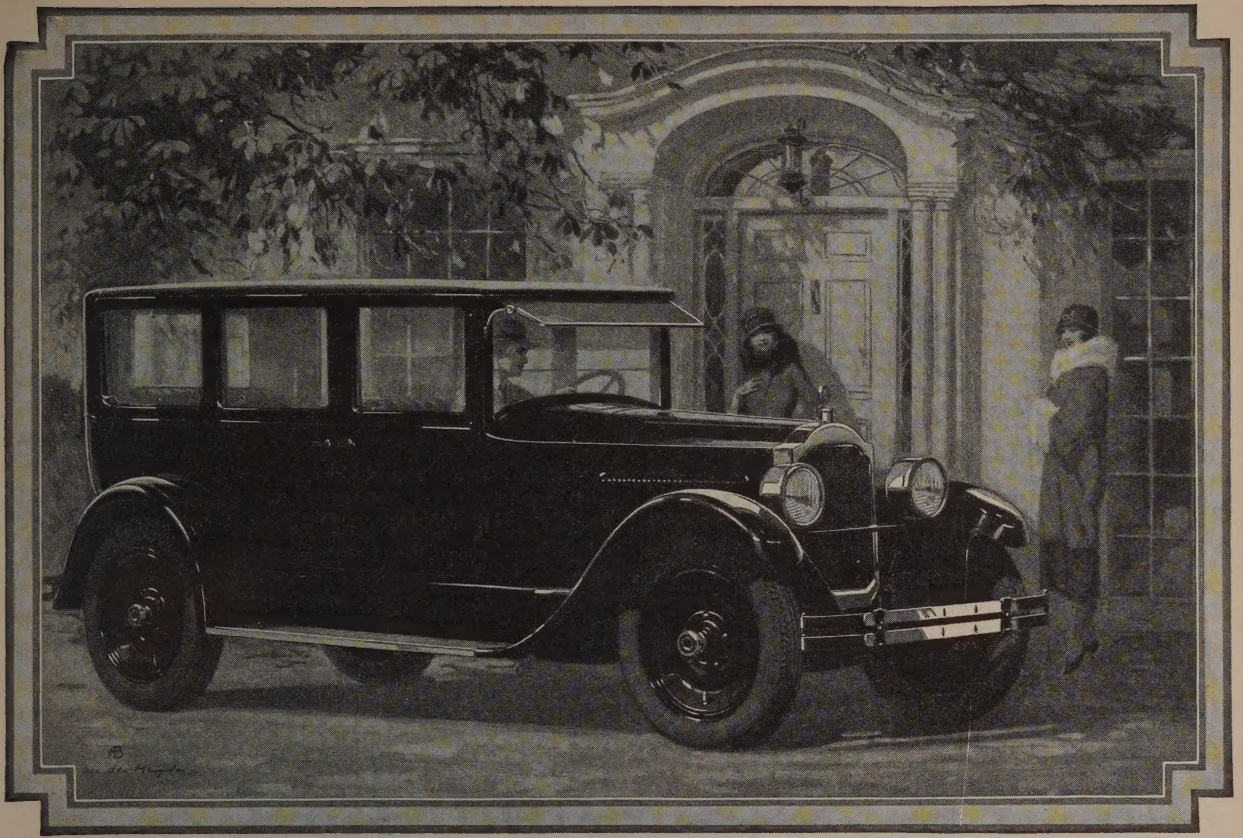
AT noontime on the shortest day of the year one of the noblest spirits in American Israel breathed his last, death coming after a brief illness.

The same day that David Sommers passed away was to have been the occasion of his greatest triumph. At this time the victory report of the \$500,000 Federation of Jewish Charities' Drive was to have been presented. The campaign, the first in St. Louis of a united Jewish community, was largely the work of David Sommers, leading Jewish figure in the community and one of St. Louis' most prominent citizens, loved and honored by all.

BORN in Cincinnati in 1867, Mr. Sommers moved to St. Louis as a young man. He entered the furniture business, selling his interest in 1917 when he became the principal owner of the Schram Glass Manufacturing Company. A few weeks before his death Mr. Sommers sold his interest in that concern and planned to spend the remainder of his life in philanthropic work. He was contemplating a visit to Russia with Jacob Billikopf and David A. Brown to report on Russian relief. His latest business undertaking was the building of the new St. Louis Theatre, one of the most magnificent show-places in the country.

The tragedy in Mr. Sommers' life came in 1913 when his closely knit family was severed by an automobile accident in which his wife, his wife's mother and his two young daughters were killed. In memory of them he made possible the Dorothy Drey Sommers Shelter Home for children in St. Louis, maintaining the institution single-handed. Every Sunday he would go to the home and play with the little tots there. Mr. Sommers remained a widower.

The late leader was president of the Young Men's Hebrew Association and several years ago headed its new building campaign for \$500,000. This structure will be opened in the spring. He was the founder of the Westwood Country Club, past president of Temple Israel, and former president of the Columbian Club. He was an active B'nai B'rith worker, having attended a lodge meeting only a few days before his death in the interest of the Federation of Jewish Charities. During the war he served with distinction on patriotic boards.



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EACH time you buy a motor car you pay for five things in which you never can take a ride.

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Packard encourages its owners in keeping their cars, through retaining the beauty of Packard lines and in announcing no yearly models. It is now more than ten years since Packard offered yearly models.

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PACKARD



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Refrigeration that lasts. Complete freedom from the care and attention demanded by ice. A colder refrigerator—chilled with dry, frosty air—that stays cold.

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fore any other system was even on the market are still in perfect condition.

When you buy electric refrigeration you have a right to expect long continuing service. The successful years behind Kelvinator are a guarantee that Kelvinator will give this permanence.

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Munsingwear may be had in silk vests and bloomers, in silk union suits, in rayon vests and bloomers, in rayon step-ins, in all the popular styles of knitted and woven suits for men, women and children, in vests, wrappers and binders for infants, in full fashioned silk hosiery for women and in hose for men, children and infants.

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